THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

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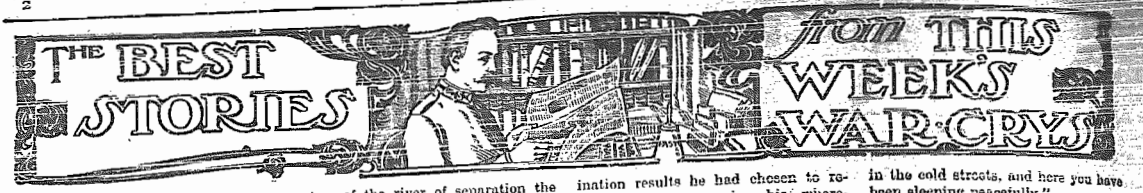
Can the Drunkard be Converted?

I.—BROTHER BURROWS, LISGAR ST. II.—BROTHER COWARDINE, RIVERDALE. III.—BROTHER COX, TORONTO TEMPLE. IV.—BROTHER MARSHALL, DOVERCOURT.

(See page 3.)



GOING HOME TO HEAVEN.

An Incident Connected with the General's Week-end Meetings.

Evidence of the General's remarkable influence as the spiritual counsellor of the poor lies deeper, but is every whit as astonishing when it is uncovered and studied.

In this connection we have just heard a striking story from the lips of an officer who had a first-hand knowledge of the facts.

Some time ago the General conducted a week-end campaign in a modern city. When the arrangements for the meetings were in progress an officer, who was recovering from illness, volunteered to distribute cards of invitation to the meetings.

For this purpose he visited the public-houses, and in a low drinking saloon he came across a woman, still young in years, but a moral and physical wreck as a result of drunkenness.

She was in rags.

To this poor drink-slave—type, alas! of tens of thousands in this Christian land—the Salvationist gave a hearty invitation to the General's meetings.

"Ask my husband, who stands over there," said the woman, pointing to a man drinking at the bar; "if he will go I will also."

The man declined the invitation, but the following morning, in their wretched home, the unhappy couple again discussed the General's presence in the town, and it was arranged that the woman should go to one of the meetings.

She went, and was converted.

Five months later Major Clifton Bailey, who told the story, sat by this woman's bedside as she entered the valley of death. Since her conversion the drunken outcast had been a uniformed Salvationist; her life had been filled with joy and purity and satisfaction; her home had been transformed from the abode of demons to a paradise of heavenly peace.

Just as her feet touched the chilly waters of the river of separation the woman raised herself in bed and sang an Army chorus. Then with her dying breath she whispered, "Thank God for the General's visit! But for that meeting I would have died a drunkard. Now I am going home to heaven!"—British Cry.

THE STUDENT'S MISTAKE.

How He Came to Himself.

It was all of no use, he had done his best to matriculate, but had been ploughed. It was a bitter disappointment to him without the additional mortification of having it thrown back in his face by his aunt, with whom he had lived since be was a little fellow of two.

And now because he had missed in one subject he was constantly chastised by her stinging remarks which he considered were unfair.

Why should he tolerate it any longer? He was a young fellow—only eighteen—with health and strength on his side; he would leave home and then perhaps things would be different.

* * * *

Big Ben had just chimed the hour of two, and save for the occasional passing of a cab, taking home some one or more persons after a night's pleasure at some club or party, the streets were cruelly silent.

A solitary figure made its way through the darkness and passed slowly along by the side of the Embankment. The figure stopped and gazed into the dark waters which rippled gently, almost invitingly, it seemed with the reflection of the Embankment lights. The figure was that of our young friend who had found that the world was not so quick to open its arms to him as he had imagined it would do, when, after the scene in his aunt's house he had packed his little belongings together and found his way to the great city. He had failed to obtain employment and because of his pride and the bitterness with which he regarded the whole affair of the examination results he had chosen to remain silent concerning his whereabouts, and was therefore obliged to walk the streets.

In vain his aunt inquired for him, and as she lay awake at nights listening to the moaning of the wind and picturing her nephew out on the cold streets hungry and miserable, she half relented her hasty words and wished him back at home again.

As he thinks of the hopelessness of his present circumstances and of his comfortable home, he calls himself a fool for his madness and almost makes up his mind to return and seek his aunt's forgiveness. In the midst of his meditations he is startled by Big Ben, which again chimes out the hour of the morning. He looks up in the direction of the big clock, which tells him that it is half-past two. As he does so a hand is placed on his shoulder and a voice says, not unkindly:—

"Here, my young friend, take this ticket and come along to the free breakfast at eight o'clock."

"Breakfast!" The word has a welcome meaning to him, for he is hungry.

"Thank you, sir!" he says politely, and moves on.

* * * *

"I will arise." The words have a familiar sound. The church, the minister, the Bible—ah! yes, he remembers now; it is the story of the prodigal son which the Army officer is reading to him as he sits by his side in the Shelter.

"Now, it is your place to apologize to your aunt for your hastiness in leaving her as you did."

The young fellow swallows the lump which rises in his throat.

"Will you do it?" pleads the officer.

A pause, then a struggle for the mastery, after which he replies quietly: "I will, sir."

Then together they kneel and pray for the forgiveness of God, and then for grace to do the right as all casts.

* * * *

"Why didn't you let me know sooner where you were staying? I had no idea you were so comfortable. I have been awake every night picturing you in the cold streets, and here you have been sleeping peacefully."

Following the straight talk from the officer and the promise of the young fellow to write to his aunt, it was arranged for that lady to meet her nephew at the Metropole, where he was staying for the time being.

The result of the meeting is obvious. To his aunt and the minister who accompanied her, the young fellow confessed that he was never really converted until the day when he knelt in the Shelter and sought, in true repentance, the forgiveness of God.

When he called on the officer again it was to tell him that he had secured a berth in one of the best known shipbuilding firms in the city, and to thank him for all the kindness he had shown him.—Social Gazette.

NEW YORK SOCIOLOGISTS

Watch the Army Distribute Christmas Dinners.

There were all sorte of demonstrations of gratitude as the breadliners reached Miss Booth. Catholics made the sign of the cross above her head and blessed her in the name of their saints. One old woman with a crutch had almost reached the door when she remembered and came back. "I am eighty-one years old," she said to the Commander, "and I wish you a thousand Happy New Years." She hobbled away crying.

A professor from the theological seminary at Meadville, Pa., stood near the head of the line with his class in sociology and watched the distribution. When Brigadier Parker, who had charge of it all, was told that the Meadville school is Unitarian he said, "I don't care. The Unitarians do not agree with our ideas of Salvation, but those boys seemed sincerely interested and that is all we could ask."

The Christmas Tree of the afternoon, so the Army says, holds the world's record for height. Anyway, its tip brushed the rafters of the Palace, and when the colored lights were turned on the children shouted that it was big enough for them.—American Cry.

The Praying League

Weekly Topic of Prayer: Pray for success of Junior and Corps-Cadet Campaign.

Sunday, Jan. 27.—Jacob's Dream.—Gen. xxviii. 1-22.

Monday, Jan. 28.—Seven Years' Toil for Love.—Gen. xxix. 1-20.

Tuesday, Jan. 29.—Laban Cheats Jacob.—Gen. xxix. 21-30; xxxi. 3-18.

Wednesday, Jan. 30.—Righteous Indignation.—Gen. xxxi. 20-55

Thursday, Jan. 31.—Power with God.—Gen. xxxii. 3-29.

Friday, Feb. 1.—Reconciliation Week.—Gen. xxxiii. 1-16; xxxv. 1-12.

Saturday, Feb. 2.—The Dreamer.—Gen. xxxv. 16-29; xxxvii. 3-11.

Some Faith Thoughts.

The very condition of faith is ever a spirit of entire surrender. We must first yield up our entire will in absolute submission to God, and then take back His will, and pray with confidence, not because we will it, but because He wills it. The true spiritual attitude, therefore, is a blending of yieldedness and positiveness.

This element of authority is the very essence of victorious faith. We must enter into our redemption rights, and we must claim them if we are to be overcomers in the spiritual realm. God is not offended with such boldness, but it is the very element through which God Himself works through us. And He is ever looking for spirits strong enough to stand the pressure of His inwrought prayer, and to be the vessels through whom His mighty spirit can work out His own great purposes and plans.

"It's Here All the Same."

"What are you doing there?" asked a passer-by to a lad holding a string.

"Flying my kite," said the little boy.

"I can see no kite," exclaimed the man.

"I know it, sir," answered the boy; "I can't see it, but it's there all the same, for I feel it pull."

If we hold on to God's promises an unseen power draws us heavenwards, and, although unseen, we know it.

"Won't You Wait Till He is Ready?"

She is a young widow, with a little family almost entirely unprovided for. The ample fortune of her girlhood is lost, and her husband, a godly man, was too frail in health to rough it, and succeed in a new country. So it comes to pass that the faith of the mother is often sorely tried, as the wants of the day crowd in with so little to meet them, though she keeps a brave heart and a cheery face.

"You shall have it, dear, when the ship comes home," is her frequent reply to the wondering inquiries of the children, as this and that have to be done without.

"Bobby," whispered the eldest, lately, to his little brother, "do you know Jesus is mother's ship."

But one day the pressure of the need was even more than usual, and the little boy noticed the tears steeling down his mother's face. She looked troubled. Coming to her he said, softly:

"Mother, won't God give us what we want?"

"Yes, darling," was the answer, "I am sure He will."

"Then, mother dear," said the child, brightly, "won't you wait till He's ready?"

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength." (Ps. viii. 2.)

"Till He is ready, won't you wait?"
My soul, let troubling cease—
A little child is leading thee
Into the way of peace.
Thou hast "made known to God" thy griefs,
Patient with Him abide;
He wants to give, not brass alloy,
But gold in furnace tried.
Well worth it is for thee to wait
Thy Father's time and will;
The "dried-up" pools, both great and small,
His flood-tide soon shall fill.
"Let patience have her perfect work"—
Wait on, if need there be—
Yet, may the question fully come:
Can God be waiting me?

—Selected.

Can the Drunkard be Converted? Four Army Converts Say: "Yes!"

READ THEIR STORIES.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—About this time the Salvation Army, in connection with its Winter Campaign, is making a special attempt to get Drunkards converted. There are some, perhaps, who will read this paper who are the slaves of Drink either openly or secretly. Don't take drugs or any quack nostruns—don't even try to free yourself from the Habit. Try the Great Physician, Christ. Read the following stories told for the glory of God and the good of their fellows, and take Hope.

THE four following testimonies are forceful, interesting, and convincing, and show how four men, who, in the picturesque language of one of them, were "plumb up against it" through alcohol, were delivered from the grip of one of the most insidious and tenacious vices that human nature is prone to.

These men are well-known in their different localities, and they have thus lifted the veil over a past they would strive to forget, in order that any poor, drink-sodden, despairing dipsomaniac who reads these lines may see what God has done for them.

A DRUNKEN WIFE BEATER.

Now a Happy Salvationist.

Brother Burrows, of Lisgar St. corps, has now been converted about seventeen years. Before his conversion he appeared twenty-four times in the Police Court for drunkenness and fighting, and his poor wife has even had to pawn her wedding ring in order to pay his fines.

On one occasion he threatened to set the house on fire, but the police arriving on the scene, he was marched off to the police station, and the next morning received a sentence of seven days in jail.

In consequence of such reckless conduct, he could only get a job now and again, when there was a special rush on, and though he once earned very good money, he was reduced at last to pawning his paper-hanging scissors in order to raise the price for a drink.

Going into a saloon with a mate he called for some beer. Before they could drink it, however, the sound of a drum was heard, and a little band of salvationists stopped outside the saloon to hold an open-air.

"Let's go and have a barney with the drum," suggested his mate.

"Now, look here," was the reply of Burrows, "those people are doing lots of good, and if you do them any harm I'll fight you."

That silenced the other, for he had a wholesome dread of Burrows' fist.

They went outside, however, and a young man invited them personally to a musical meeting to be held that night in the barracks. Leaving their beer untasted, and incidentally, unpaid for, they went, and so enraptured was Burrows with the music that he used his hat to beat time with, and did it so energetically that the crown parted company with the rim. They then both started shouting and singing in the usual way of drunken men, and for a time quite disturbed the meeting. Not wishing to turn them out, the officer in charge devised a plan to separate them and thus keep them quiet. In a kind manner, which was not to be resisted, he invited them to come on the platform, and seated one on one side and one on the other. There they sat, looking at each other every now and then, and wondering what next was going to happen.

The young fellow who had spoken to them in the open-air came and dealt with Burrows in the prayer meeting, and spoke to him in such a way that the tears started to run down the face of the amazed man. Very soon he was kneeling at the penitent form. They took him home, prayed with him, and told his wife that he had been converted in the Army. The poor woman could hardly believe it; but she had a proof the next morning that a change had taken place. Her husband asked her for a collar—a thing he hadn't done for many long months. That night he went again to the penitent form to "make sure he was converted," as he says.

Then he started in business in the very same road he had lived in for fifty years. When people knew that he was converted they began to trust him, and work came his way rapidly. He started with nothing, and in a few years could send a cheque to the bank for thousands.

Not long after his conversion his wife, son, and daughter gave their hearts to God and joined the Army, and our comrade rejoiced in a happy Salvation home.

He is still a happy Salvationist and at present holds the position of Color-Sergeant at Lisgar St. corps, Toronto.

THE TESTIMONY OF CYMBAL BILL.

What Effect it Had Upon a Whiskey Soak.

As a boy, Brother Cowardine, of Riverdale, was very unruly, and caused his people lots of trouble by running away from home several times.

His early life was, therefore, spent amongst some of the worst surroundings it is possible for a young lad to have, for the class of associates he mingled with were coarse, profane and ungodly seamen, who taught him everything that was evil and exerted no influence at all for good. It is little wonder, therefore, that at the various ports he visited he took a delight in going on drunken sprees. On one occasion he nearly lost his life. Returning to his ship in the early hours of the morning he staggered along the pier, and when he came to the end stepped right into the water. He had imagined that a boat was lying there. Down to the bottom he went, and in those few moments all his past sinful life was before him. As he came to the surface he was fortunate enough to grasp a ladder which hung from the pier, and he clung on to it for dear life. This narrow escape did not lead to a definite repentance, however, though it rather frightened him for the time being. The impression soon passed away, however, and he became worse than before.

At the age of thirty-five he quit the sea and started in the milk business. He would have got along well had not drink been his master, but when a man neglects his business for several weeks to go on a drinking tour he cannot reasonably expect to prosper.

It was not long before he had nothing left. At this period of life he went to live a few doors away from a Salvation soldier, who was well-known in Toronto a few years ago by the name of "Cymbal Bill." This man used to give a glowing testimony that whereas he once used to peddle lager beer he now peddled Salvation. Bro. Cowardine was very much struck by this and began to think that if God could deliver Bill from the drink He could do the same for him. One night therefore, he made a start, and God helped him to give up the drink, to make a clean sweep of pipe and tobacco, and also to make restitution to several people. That was on the 2nd of March, 1886, when Capt. Howell (now Brigadier) was in charge of Riverdale corps, and since then he has had a clear, bright experience.

God has prospered him in all ways, and as a market gardener he has been very successful, proving the promise that if we "seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, all other things shall be added unto you."

THE FIRST GLASS.

What it Led to and What a Child Said.

When Jack Cox was but a lad he was apprenticed to a barber, whose wife was addicted to drinking. As her husband would give her no money she used to devise all sorts of schemes in order to get the whiskey she loved so well. Feigning to be sick, she would call Jack upstairs and tell him to ask her husband for the money to get so many pounds of meat for dinner. She would then give Jack a flask and tell him to buy half the quantity of meat, and with the remained of the money get the flask filled with whiskey. Another dodge was to fling a big bar of soap out of the window, and then tell the boss that this particular article had run out, and money was needed to buy more. Of course the money went to buy whiskey with, and Jack would pick up the bar of soap he had previously thrown out and march through the shop with it, while the flask was concealed in his pocket. After keeping this up for a while, Jack thought he might as well have a share in the proceeds of dishonesty, and so he got into the habit of having the first "swig" at the flask himself. This created quite a craving for liquor within him, and at last he threw aside all restraint and plunged recklessly into drinking. He had an idea then that he could quit it when he liked, and he also hoped that by being jolly and sociable with his customers, his trade would greatly increase. Both these ideas were wrong, as events afterwards proved, for just when he most desired to stop drinking he found he couldn't, and instead of his business prospering it dwindled down.

For ten long years he never dared to go to any religious or temperance meetings, because what was said made him feel so bad; but one day something happened which greatly interested him. One of his old chums, with whom he had had many a drunken spree, got converted at the Army, and Jack made up his mind to go to Lippincott St. corps and see for himself what was going on there. He went, and came away deeply under conviction. At one Sunday night meeting he even went so far as to hold up his hand to be prayed for, but as soon as he got outside the building he thought to himself, "Well, what a fool I am; I'll never go near the Army again." In spite of this, however, the next Sunday found him in the same place. A pathetic incident had occurred during the week which had greatly affected him, and no doubt had a deal to do with his final decision. One night when he came home his little boy—then aged three—had climbed on to his knee, and putting his arms round his neck said pleadingly, "Don't drink any more, papa."

The next Sunday he resolved to go to the meeting again, but before he left home he drank one of the two bottles of beer he had in the house, and reserved the other for a "nightcap" when he came back. That night, however, he went to the penitent form, and the result was that instead of going down his throat, the other bottle of beer went down the sink. He then carried half a dozen empties to the saloon door and left them there. Since then he has not touched any liquor, and his life has been an evidence of God's power to save and keep.

Before his conversion he was also a great swearer. Only once does he ever remember using bad language after the change took place, and then, immediately realizing that he had fallen into the old habit again, he knelt and asked God's forgiveness, and has had a clean tongue ever since.

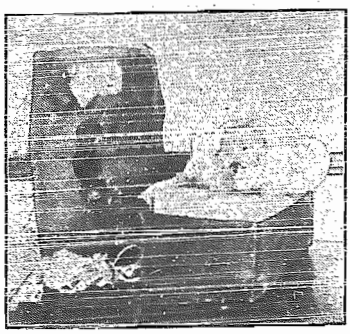
God has helped him greatly in all things, and not only has he prospered in his soul, but the business that the devil told him he would lose if he joined the Army, has wonderfully increased, and last year was the most prosperous he has ever known. He gives God the glory, and is of the firm opinion that if he had not got converted when he did he would have been on the streets by now.

At present he and his wife are soldiers of the Temple corps, ever ready to take part in whatever movement is going forward for the salvation of others, and glad of the opportunity given for testifying as to the power of God to change people's hearts and give them victory over sin.

BROTHER MARSHALL.

Twenty-four Years a Drunkard.

For twenty-four years Brother Marshall was a hard drinker, and towards the latter part of his unregenerated days "it was something awful," to use his own expression. For four days out of the seven he would be drunk, until



STORY OF A FOUNDLING.

A very touching incident was recently brought to the notice of our Rescue Officers at Winnipeg. In a stable a policeman found an old portmanteau, in which a small aperture had been cut to admit air. On further inquiry the policeman found in the box a little baby, which was ultimately taken to our Maternity Hospital in Winnipeg. The first picture shows the baby in its box after having been cleaned, the second shows the officers opening the box, and the third the box itself. Baby is now doing well in the care of the Salvation Army.

at last his tongue swelled up in his mouth, owing to the quantity of rum he had swallowed. Whenever he came home his youngest child would fall into a fit of fear on account of his terrible language and violent actions.

A friend called to see him one day, and told him about a certain cure for drunkards which he would advise him to try. Brother Marshall would have done anything to get rid of the drink curse, and he was almost persuaded to try the "cure," though the cost would be seventy-five dollars. Right on the street corner, however, a voice seemed to whisper to him, "God can cure you," and so he told his friend that he was very grateful to him for his advice, but he would try another means of cure.

At breakfast one morning he told his wife that he was going to ask God to destroy the desire for drink within him. The moment he did so his craving left him, and he went out to tell everybody he met about the wonderful thing that had happened. He was not yet "born again," though God had so wonderfully answered his prayer, and for over a year he continued as an ardent temperance advocate, warning others not to touch the accursed thing.

It was a Good Friday, eight years ago, as he was coming along the street in St. John, N.B., that a wonderful thing happened. Right on the street corner the Lord Jesus Christ appeared to him, and flinging up his hands he cried out, "Lord, I believe!"

For an hour after that he could do nothing else but walk up and down the street and cry for very joy. He knew that he was a converted man.

Three months after that he entered an Army barracks, and told the people there what God had done for him. Thus he came in contact with the Salvation Army, and ever since that time he has been a bold witness for Christ everywhere he has gone.

A Manchurian Victim of Vice.

A NEW RESCUE HOME.

Women's Social Work in Manchuria.

The photo reproduced on this page shows a group of the present inmates of the Dalny Rescue Home, which is the latest addition to our worldwide family. "I quote concerning it from a letter recently received from Japan," says Mrs. Booth in the current Deliverer:—

"The Rescue Work here, as you may be aware, was begun by one of the Y.M.C.A. Secretaries, in consequence of the wretched condition of so many poor Japanese girls decoyed to Manchuria, and then used for the most evil purposes, badly fed and cruelly treated. This vile business has become a blot upon the reputation of the Empire. It is felt to be a serious evil, both by the public and by the authorities, and an effort is being made to stop it; but cunning, desperate, and avaricious men find means of carrying on a great traffic; and in Dalny it is known that almost every 'hotel restaurant,' is an unlicensed brothel. In taking over this institution, we have the warmest sympathy of all excepting those wrongly interested; and there is probably no greater need or better opportunity anywhere in the world. There are at present twenty-three inmates, in addition to three sick in the hospital. I am sending a photo of one of these suffering girls, sick beyond hope of recovery. It is a pitiful and yet a beautiful case. We believe her to be thoroughly converted; her conversion and character are an inspiration to all who visit her. She is indeed a real sacrifice on the altar of vice."

Officers and Inmates of Our Dalny, Manchuria, Rescue Home.

Territorial Tit-Bits.

A man once visited a town in England and sold a lot of watches which he said he could thoroughly recommend, but which were rubbish. His intention was to get out of town that night before being found out. As it happened, however, he missed the last train, and found his way into an Army meeting. The Spirit of God took hold of him, and at the penitent form he told the people that the watches he had sold were no good, and if they would bring them back he would return the money.

In the death of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, which occurred recently at her London recidence, the world has lost one of the most philanthropic women of the last half century. For almost seventy years Baroness Burdett-Coutts spent her millions in innumerable deeds of charity and in various enterprises for the benefit of the poor at home and abroad.

Mrs. Colonel Pepper, accompanied by her two daughters, is at present visiting several centres of our work in India and Ceylon. Mrs. Pepper was present at the Self-Denial thanksgiving service held in Colombo, and presented the championship flag to Capt. Lydia, of Colombo I.

A fine Industrial Home, situated in Forty-Eighth Street, New York, is now in course of erection, costing in the neighborhood of $90,000, which, when completed, will be the finest of its kind in the country. The roof will soon be on, and it is confidently expected that early in the New Year it will be opened. It will be a mighty thing and will meet a great need, and result in helping us to reach a larger number of men and multiply our usefulness in a score of ways and more.

The Swiss Territory has just finished its Self-Denial Week, over which the comrades are triumphing. The complete returns show that every corps has reached its target, and a majority of them far surpassed it.

Brigadier and Mrs. Graham are conducting a revival campaign in Tasmania with good results. At Launceston there were over a hundred sought Salvation, and thirty-eight the blessing of a clean heart.

By consent of the Governor of Alabama, the chaplain of the convict prison at Birmingham purchased some hundreds of the Christmas War Cry for circulation among the inmates of the institution.

Of the eighty-six Cadets in training in the New York Home, forty-nine were converted at the age of seventeen and under, eighteen had been attached junior soldiers, forty-two had been Young People's Locals, and thirty-four had been Corps-Cadets.

Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton

CONDUCT STIRRING MEETINGS AT VANCOUVER.

The Brigadier was announced to conduct the last Sunday's meetings in the Old Year, and a great day it was to our souls, and to the sinner.

The holiness meeting was inspiring, and at the close we had the joy of seeing thirteen seeking the blessing.

In the afternoon Mrs. Brigadier Smeeton read from God's Word, and several settled it there and then they would follow Christ.

Vancouver is noted for its grand opportunities in the open-air. It is a common occurance to see a Chinaman and Hindoo standing together listening to us, while the Jap, Dane, and Swede look on with interest.

At night about six hundred people had assembled in the City Hall, and God spoke through the message. At the close four volunteered out for Salvation.

On New Year's Day we had a nationality meeting. This was the fitting climax. Brigadier Smeeton explained the work of the Army as each contingent came forward. Some of the people who came to the meeting had no idea of the vastness of our work. After each country and its work were explained, moving pictures were thrown on canvas, which showed our work in every country we are represented in. Our New Year's Day ended with great rejoicing, as a fine young man volunteered out to the front and got gloriously saved.—One who was there.

Band Chat.

The bandsmen of St. Thomas sacrificed their holiday on Christmas morning in the interests of the band fund. Several of the citizens were visited by by them. Their playing was much appreciated everywhere they went, $35 being the sum collected by them. On New Year's morning they were out again on the same errand. A number of homes were visited and the inmates cheered by their playing, and in some instances singing and playing; $21 was the result of their efforts. Adjutant Knight is a great help to the band.

The Moose Jaw Corps Correspondent inform us that they hope to have a band of seven instruments before the next report is sent in. That is rather indefinite, but we hope it will be soon.

On New Year's Day a fine crowd came to see the commissioning of the Vancouver Band in the City Hall, and were greatly delighted to see the boys in their new uniform.

Keikichi Aoki.

This is the Japanese schoolboy, Keikichi Aoki, who has been selected by the Japanese Consul in San Francisco as the plaintiff, in the suit which has been instituted in the California courts, to test the constitutionality of the act of the San Francisco School Board in excluding Japanese from the public schools. He is a bright little fellow, of the marked Oriental type. As the California school question has assumed national importance, general interest will centre upon the case of young Aoki.

Our Korean Opportunity.

By Commissioner Railton.

NEVER have I seen anything approaching the opportunity for leading a whole nation to Christ that now exists in Korea.

Think of a nation of over ten million souls suddenly deprived of their Government, headed off the popular road of human gain and pleasure by the rush of others, and left to a laboring or agricultural life, with no remarkably visible places of worship, and no pr[illegible] of any influence to guide them!

Whatever they may have had of confidence in Confucianism, or in any theory of religion accepted in China, has been rudely pushed aside by their severance from that Empire, and their dislike to their Japanese conquerors will naturally tend against any turning towards their faiths, even if the invaders cared to advocate any. It is a nation with no hope left in any old direction, and looking eagerly towards Jesus, because He is the light of their only remaining friends, the missionaries, who have educated and helped so many myriads of them already.

When I expressed to one missionary a hope that he might get a big harvest this winter, he almost said "God forbid!" "Why," he said, "I have already over 12,000 converts to look after. It is more than I can do just to get around anywhere more than once in a while."

But I saw plenty of evidence during my few days amongst them that the converts are looked after by Korean pastors and class leaders, in a way that many of our corps would do well to copy or to equal if they can. Here is the monthly return of a Methodist Church:

"Name. Address. Communicant. Baptized. Received as learner. Seeker. How often attended during month. Sundays? How often attended during month, week-days? Contributions. Has he family prayer? Subjects being studied. No. of believers in family. No. of unconverted in family. Any special remarks."

I would make special remarks about any corps that would show me such a monthly filled up.

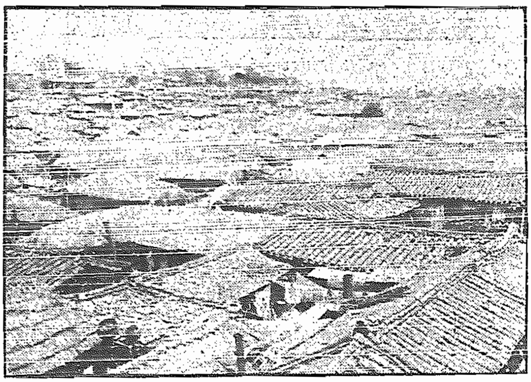
But see how it is done. Here is the return of the class leader, a purely voluntary worker of course, like our Sergeants. Any Sergeant may copy.

"Anything special? (I like that column coming first.) No. of times visited sick. Amount his own family contribute. What course of study is he following? (They are all being taught carefully.) No. of times visited the unsaved. No. of times visited Christians. No. of times attended services. No. of times led prayer meeting. No. of times led class. No. of times exhorted. No. of times preached."

I quote these things to show that the claims of 18,000 followers is not a mere empty count of this little mission, which has only sixteen missionaries, including all those engaged in educational work.

When you consider that all these returns are made by a people that have been represented to us as almost unteachable stupids and idlers, you will have some idea of the delusion generally cherished as to the Korean people. Labor and agriculture have been almost invariably their lot hitherto, under a Government that has every way cursed and hindered them. But now that they are going to see their country raised to a condition of prosperity that one can hardly dare to estimate as yet, the Koreans will show what they are really capable of.

I have only described one mission. Imagine my pleasure on finding that the Presbyterians had adopted almost the same teaching and system in every way as the Methodists. I went from the crowded church of the latter, in Ping Yang, on the American Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, 29th of November, to find the Presbyterian Church equally crowded, and the pastor leading the singing with a cornet. How's that for Presbyterians?



Pingzang Roofs in Korea.

The climax of the Sunday morning service in a great Methodist Church in the capital was a surprise to everybody. After a number of addresses (including a little turn from me) the public reception of quite a large number of members and the coming forward of a number of candidates for membership, a man stepped forward rather bashfully and handed a paper to the Korean pastor, who read it out whilst the man stood looking down to the ground. It was a complete confession of a long life of sin, with an engagement to live for Christ.

No; everybody did not fall down to pray—that would have been in the Army, I hope. The American pastor spoke to the man very kindly, and turned him over to somebody's care, and we finished up in an orthodox way. But in that same church I heard several burst into prayer at once when a chance was given, and I leave readers of the War Cry to guess the sort of scenes we shall have all over the country wherever we begin.

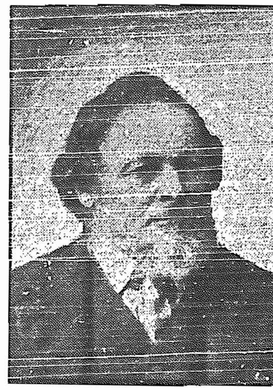
Promoted to Glory.

FATHER TUTTLE, OF HALIFAX II.

He Fell Like a Warrior.

At the advanced age of 81 years Father Tuttle passed away on Sunday afternoon, and went to his eternal reward.

Converted at the age of forty, his life gave evidence of the power of God to save and keep from sin. When the S. A. opened fire in Pugwash, Father was the first to take his stand as a soldier, and it can truly be said of him that he fought a good fight.



Father Tuttle.

Although for years the corps has been closed in that place, Father has been faithful to his consecration. He fell like a warrior, he died at his post.

Teh bereaved family have the prayers and sympathy of many officers and soldiers, who from time to time have been ministered unto by them.

SISTER LEGGE, OF HEART'S DELIGHT.

"I Haven't a Doubt."

On Sunday night, at ten o'clock, one of our dear soldiers passed away in the person of Maggie Legge. In all her suffering she found Jesus her comforter, and when asked if she was prepared to meet God she replied, "I haven't a doubt; I had it settled long ago."

The memorial service was held on the following Sunday. Many spoke of the great blessing that our sister had been to them in her life. She leaves a husband and one darling child behind, and we pray that God may bless and comfort them in this hour of sorrow.—J. E. Moulton, Capt.

SERGEANT-MAJOR EVANS, OF LONDONDERRY.

A Sudden Call.

On Monday morning, Dec. 17th, S.-M. Evans went to his work as usual, and at two o'clock met with an accident that ended his useful life very suddenly.

He was working at the pipe shop, where huge iron water-pipes are made, and by some hitch in the machinery was thrown into the pit, twelve feet deep, receiving a severe blow on the head.

He went to receive his crown at five minutes to seven that evening, having never fully returned to consciousness after the accident.

He was a faithful, devoted soldier, and had only missed two or three meetings since his conversion three years ago. His godly life and sudden promotion made a great impression on his workmates and acquaintances.

We laid him to rest on Thursday.

On Sunday night we held a memorial service, which was very impressive and was used by God to the conviction of the unsaved.

The Sergeant-Major was twenty-three years of age, and had been married but six short months. His young widow and near relatives are grief-stricken, but they do not sorrow as those without hope, but are resting in the sure knowledge that he has gone to a better country, where they will meet him in the morning.—J. Galway, Capt.

Glimpse at the World

CANADA.

Government House at Dawson was destroyed by fire

A bear wandered into a block at Ottawa and gave several civil servants a fright.

The annual report of the Nipissing Mine showed that altogether $2,500,000 worth of ore had been taken out, at an expenditure of $225,000.

The railways of Canada spent last year in new construction and equipment an aggregate of sixty-two million dollars.

Mayor Coatsworth has been re-elected Mayor of Toronto by a vote of 13,698, nearly five thousand more than last year.

Fire at Montreal did damage amounting to half a million. One man, a carter, was killed, and six firemen were injured by a falling wall.

FOREIGN.

Fifteen persons have been killed in the race war in Mississippi.

Disorders have broken out in Servia, threatening to overthrow the present dynasty.

Four striking bakers are held at Chicago on charges of throwing acid on wagonloads of bread.

An All-India Moslem League has been organized to promote loyalty to the British Government.

One thousands troops have returned to Turkey out of 4,000 sent two years ago to suppress an Arab revolt.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has presented Chicago University with a New Year's gift of three million dollars.

Nine thousand inhabitants of Belfar, a town near Salamanca, Spain, are planning to emigrate to Uruguay and Nicaragua.

During the past week seven feet of snow has fallen in some parts of Russia, and some towns in the centre of the country are literally buried.

Gypsies in Tennessee have appealed to President Roosevelt for protection against a self-styled ruler who threatens them with death if they refuse to pay tithes to him.

A series of over sixteen hundred "surprise tests" made of the block system on the Chicago and North-Western Railway last year shows not a single failure to obey signals or observe rules.

London has been covered with two inches of snow, trains were badly delayed and several schooners wrecked on the English coast. In Montreal the recent storm will bring to the snow-shovellers an aggregate of $15,000.

At Odessa an attempt was recently made to blow up the Atlantic liner Gregory Morch. The crew had a desperate struggle with a band of unknown men, during which several of the sailors were shot, but they succeeded in putting out the fuse before the fire reached the bomb.

An earthquake exceeding that which destroyed Valparaiso, and as severe as that which visited San Francisco last spring, was recorded on instruments in the Isle of Wight and at Laibach in Austra-Hungary. Its origin is believed to have been 4,600 miles away.

A woman living in the Vienne quarter of Paris has been arrested, charged with murdering one hundred and twenty new born infants.

Chrisimas Feasts in Western Ontario Province.

The Christmas dinners for the poor were a great success this year both in London and Hamilton. In London over seven hundred dinners were sent out; while in Hamilton seven hundred more were also distributed. The general public responded very liberally to the appeals in both places, and great credit is due to the enthusiasm evinced by all who had anything to do with these charitable projects. Many poor families were found out in the visiting, and we have no doubt that with careful visitation quite a number of these will take a bold stand for God. Colonel Sharp and Staff-Capt. McLean had things well in hand, and have laid in quite an experience, which will be of considerable help to them in years to come.

COUNTING THE COST.

An Incident in the Career of Adjutant Kendall.

Adjt. Kendall, Lippincott St. Corps.

THE popular idea in the little town of Bridgetown, N.S., was that the only possible way of becoming converted was to await the periodical revival meetings, and then, when feeling were running high, put yourself on record by a public decision.

Young Kendall was thoroughly imbued with the prevailing notions of the townsfolk, and had it all planned out in his mind just when he would get converted, and just what would happen when he did.

His plans were not carried out, however, for the revivalists came and went, and he had not been caught in their net. When he realized that he had missed his chance, for that time at any rate, he felt very miserable, and determined that he would not let an opportunity like that slip by again.

He was a tailor by trade, and following the example of many other young Nova Scotians, he went to the States to obtain work. He had not been there more than six months before some revival metings were held in the town where he was located, and realizing that the time had come for him to make a definite surrender, he stood up one evening, and in response to an invitation, went out to the mercy seat.

He commenced to work for Christ right away, and with several other young men, would visit the surrounding villages for the purpose of holding meetings.

There was much controversy among the church people then about holiness, and it drove young Kendall to seek for light upon the all-important subject. He read all the holiness literature he could obtain, and made it a matter of much prayer and Bible study. Among the books he eagerly read at that time was Mrs. Booth's "Godliness." It made a great impression upon him, and no doubt led him afterwards to throw in his lot with the Salvation Army seven months after his conversion, anyhow he got definitely sanctified.

Then he returned Canada. One Sunday afternoon he sat in his home deeply pondering a most important question. God had called him to be a Salvationist, and he was counting the cost. It meant breaking away from his present church associations, and probably he would be greatly misunderstood; and also he knew it meant giving up his business and becoming an officer. All this was involved in the immediate step which he felt strongly urged to take that afternoon. It was nothing more or less than marching down his native street in the Army procession. Everything seemed to hang on that one act of obedience. It was the testing time of his life, and he prayed until he got the victory. After the march was over and he had faced the crowds in the streets he could not stand any more, so he went home and spent the remainder of the afternoon in prayer. These early struggles and victories are very vividly impressed on his mind and no doubt much of his after success has depended upon the manner in which he fought and overcame the enemy at the beginning. He learnt to get the victory on his knees before he attempted any public work for his Master.

As a Cadet he got a taste for War Cry booming and Self-Denial collecting, and has taken a delight in such

As D. O. he was in charge of Sherbrooke District. It was a very hard place for soul-saving work, but the best year of his life was spent there. The very hardness served to make him lean heavier on God, and thus he was established and strengthened for future victories. Though only a very few people would come, yet he went in to make the best of his soldiers' and holiness meetings, and thus kept them from giving up the fight.

Then he married Captain Ward and together they were successively in charge of several Districts in the East Ontario Province. For eighteen months they also toured the Province with the Harmonic Revivalists. Then followed London and Brantford. At the latter place they went in to raise $1,000 for the band. All the business men of the town were written to and the whole city systematically canvassed, with the result that the money was raised, and a fine new set of silver plated instruments secured. A good spiritual work also was done and many converts were made and soldiers enrolled.

At present Adjt. and Mrs. Kendall are engaged in a red-hot fight for God and souls at Lippincott corps. They are delighted with the work there, and are full of hope for the future prosperity of the corps.

The motto of the Adjutant's life seems to be "Holiness to the Lord," and wherever he goes he preaches a real red-hot and practical religion, attracting crowds to the barracks and getting his people to claim the experience of sanctification.

Dawson a Dear City.

Twenty-Five Cents Smallest Coin in Circulation.

Dawson has grown into a city of eight thousand population in hot weather, with warehouses, churches, banks, electric lights, wholesale and retail stores, and two up-to-date newspapers, which sell for twenty-five cents a copy. The dwellings are either frame or of logs.

Many of the log cabins were built in 1897 and 1898, when carpenters were paid $20 a day. The average size of a log cabin is 16x14, and, while they are comfortable, but little provision is made for light, the windows being exceptionally small.

Cold storage can easily be obtained by digging a hole three or four feet deep and putting in a wooden box. The ground is always frozen.

Twenty-five cents is the smallest piece of money in circulation, and there are children who never saw anything smaller.

Crystallized eggs are used for cooking, and fresh ones are cheap in midsummer at $1 a dozen. Three eggs to order in a restaurant cost from 75 cents to $1, and in winter probably $1.50. Caribou steak is common, and may be had for $1.

The Shah's Picture.

A CHEAP SOAP ADVERTISEMENT.

The Shah of Persia has passed away, and it is said there was only one thing in his bed chamber that lacked beauty and intrinsic worth. The Shah's bed was magnificent with its incrustations of jewels, and the other articles of furniture fitly matched it in splendor. The prayer rug was fringed with gold and precious stones. The clock was of almost fabulous value. The paintings, bric-a-brac and hangings were wonderful. But in the midst of all this grandeur and artistic loveliness was conspicuously displayed in a magnificent gold frame a cheap print copy of one of those grotesque pictures used in advertising a certain brand of English soap. It is said the Shah was as fond of that picture as of anything in the room. A good symbol of the vanity of the things most people set their affections upon.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

New Year's night at Guelph was the occasion of a meeting to celebrate the 24th anniversary of Mrs. Dawson's conversion, and in connection with this a social tea was provided. The meeting was of a very interesting character, under the leadership of Captains Thompson and Henderson. Several old soldiers related their experiences, and as their service averaged about twenty-three years each it was very interesting to hear them. The meeting was very much enjoyed throughout, and afterwards the members and friends adjourned to the junior hall, where a very inviting social tea was partaken of and heartily enjoyed.—J. Ryder.

KEEPING ON THE MOVE.

We have had a visit from Brigadier Turner at Canning, N.S. Owing to bad weather, the attendance was small, but all who came much enjoyed the P. O's address.

Lieut. McKervey is keeping the old chariot moving.

Personalities.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Ensign Jaynes, of Fredericton, has suffered a sad bereavement in the death of her father. The news came as a shock, as no intimation had been received that he was unwell. She has gone to St. John's. We are sure Mrs. Jaynes has our comrades' warmest sympathy in her loss.

An old Lieutenant thus writes concerning the late Capt. Munroe:—

"I was one of his old Lieutenants, being stationed with him while he commanded the Bridgetown, N. S., corps, and continued to write to him for a year or so after leaving there. I wish to testify to the help and blessing he was to me then, and to the influence his work and life have had on my life since. I never in my seven years as a Salvationist met a more unselfish, kind, and loving comrade. He was kindness and love itself to me, and I grew to love him as a brother."

We here take the opportunity of rectifying an omission in connection with the report of our comrade's promotion to Glory—the author of the interesting article was Adjt. Thompson.

Mrs. Commissioner McKie has safely arrived in Melbourne, and has been accorded a most affectionate greeting. At the reception, which took place in the City Temple, there was a packed audience, and on all hands were seen abundant evidence of pleasure and satisfaction that the good hand of God has been laid upon Mrs. McKie, and that there was every possibility of her being able once more to take up active duty.

Our readers will have missed the Chief Secretary's breezy notes during the past week or two, and we regret to say that the cause of their non-appearance has been the indisposition of the Colonel. We hope soon to see him at his desk again.

Capt. James Walker, of Jamaica, is a good War Cry boomer. At one corps he raised the sales from eight dozen to forty-eight dozen, and on going to his present corps he found the order at 117 copies, at present it stands at 1,000 copies, and during the last six months he has seen more than 200 seekers at the cross. That is good business. We should like to see some of that sort in Canada.

We heartily congratulate the Editor of All the World on his promotion to the rank of Major. Major Nicholson began his Army career as a Household Troops' Bandsman, and in connection with that famous musical organization took part in the great march through Canada and the United States. For the past six or seven years he has been a member of the International Editorial Department—principally in connection with the Army's international magazine, which is greatly admired in Canada by all who subscribe to it.

A correspondent of the London Star draws attention to the interesting fact that among the crowd of homeless men who who were fed with soup and bread at 1.30 the other morning was the Right Hon. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board. Mr. Burns had dressed himself with a view to concealing his identity, and the Salvation Army Officers who were distributing the soup handed him a basinful like the others. It was noticed that the Cabinet Minister passed on his soup to the man next him, who consumed it eagerly. This is by no means the first occasion that a Member of Parliament has visited an Army Soup Kitchen, but the presence of Mr. John Burns on such an occasion is a gratifying proof that the President of the Local Government Board continues to keep in practical touch with the perplexing social problems which the Army is laboring night and day to solve.

REGENERATION.

A NOTE ON THE GENERAL'S LAST BOOK.

By Harold Begbie.

This is the Annual Report of the Army's Social Operations, which has been written by well-known literati of London, including George R. Sims, F. A. McKenzie, Rider Haggard, Alex. M. Nicol, Lady Frances Balfour, Clarence Rook, and Mrs. Harold Gorst. The General supplies a powerful foreword to the volume. A review of the book, by Harold Begbie, will be found below.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD, in the chapter he contributes to "Sketches of the Salvation Army Social Work," says: "If I were asked to find a motto for the Salvation Army, based upon my knowledge of its working, that motto would be very short, indeed one word—Regeneration."

There is more miracle in that word than in all the pages of the Scriptures over which men of science and theologians quarrel and contend with a becoming amity and a dignified tedium. To take a man so sunken in infamy that his very mother has cast him off, and to make that man almost in the twinkling of an eye conscious of his immortality and joyful in the thought of God's clemency—this is a miracle before which science herself is silent. And this is what the Salvation Army is doing every day, and every hour of the day. It is the engine by which men are "born again." It goes to the vilest, and it makes them the purest.

I find in this book, which contains work by so brilliant a woman as Lady Florence Balfour, and so picturesque a writer as Mr. George R. Sims, nothing which so holds my attention, and seems to me more worthy of the public attention, than the Foreword by General Booth. It is not the happy, rugged homespun of his sermons, not the chaff and banter and rallying taunts of his addresses—it is, indeed, so smooth and precise that it is difficult to think of the utterances in the eloquent mouth of the old preacher—and yet, in spite of its lack of the fine big stuff in General Booth's talk, this piece of penmanship is the master-note of this little book.

"Conversion of the Soul."

For it puts plainly the great central point of the Salvation Army's method—conversion of the soul. You may take a sot and wash him and clothe him and set him to work, but he will return to his wallowing in the mire; you may erect elaborate doss-houses for the dregs of society, the wreckage of our civilization, but in those cubicles they will dream no dreams of the charm and dignity of a home; you may persuade some wretched courtesan to exchange the streets for a laundry, but over the steam tub she will desire no place in the life and energy of the nation—she will never become the mother of patriots.

But if in catching these unhappy creatures you can break down the will of their self-contempt and make them feel a sudden uprush of spiritual faculty, a sudden yearning after deeper existence—you save the body and the soul for the rest of their lives. You perform a miracle. You recreate them.

I think there is nothing more foolish than the commendation which people without religion are generous enough to bestow upon the Social Work of the Salvation Army. It is so common to hear persons of this kind remark that they detest General Booth's Christianity, but they approve of his Rescue Work. General Booth's Rescue Work, forsooth, would be the greatest imaginable menace to the State if it were not accompanied by that which alone can effect regeneration—the conversion of men's souls.

The Word Conversion.

Here is the point which I venture to emphasize in this recommendation of "Sketches of the Salvation Army's Social Work." Rescue Work, which only seeks to provide trampers and vagabonds with cheap sleeping-places and cheap food, is the most dangerous effort which even philanthropy has conceived for the undoing of society. To make it easy to loaf, to make it compatible to shirk responsibility—this is not merely foolish, it is a crime. And it is just this which General Booth does not do. His philanthropy is only the means by which he expresses his Christianity—and his Christianity is the conversion of men and women, the building up of society. Why should we feel afraid of the word "conversion?" No better term was ever invented for conveying that complete spiritual or mental change of mind which transforms a beast into a man. I have seen in the offices of the Salvation Army, doing the work of the Army, and rescuing hundreds of poor broken mortals from despair, men whom the law and the science of England had once condemned as incurable and irreclaimable. I have heard from their lips how on a sudden at a service in one of the Army's doss-houses the same vision which came to the brilliant Saul of Tarsus came even to their poor fuddled intellects, and filled them with a vast hunger for spiritual reality. I have seen these men, talked to them—no ranting zealots, but rather calm and dour-speaking men, like the ancient Puritans—and I know that they express a miracle, the miracle of regeneration, the miracle of the new birth. I know that they are "saved."

Need of Spirituality.

Who doubts that the old body-snatcher and soul-saver, the venerable head of the Salvation Army, speaks truth when he tells us in his Foreword:—

"The taproot of our social ills, my friends, lies far behind pauperism, and deeper down than the actualities of everyday life. The root-germ is deep in the nature of man, and without the supernatural power of the Divine Spirit, no scheme—social, political, or educational—will ever be able to grapple with it."

I do not think that there is a man living who so perfectly understands this tremendous problem as General Booth does. He knows, what you may prove for yourself in any quarter of the town, that model dwellings, increased wages, and better education do not produce lofty minds and devoted patriots—do not even develop respectable husbands and dutiful mothers. He knows that without the sense of responsibility men must fall short of his attainment. To be responsible to the magistrate and the policeman is not enough. He must feel himself responsible to God.

If the reader will take this little book—handsomely printed and pleasant to read—and will study it carefully and ponder upon it, and afterwards go for a walk on some Saturday night through Tower Bridge Road or the New Cut, he will be unable, I am sure, to resist the conclusion that blessed is that work above all other social services which makes a fallen man and a depraved woman conscious of their responsibility to God. The horror and degradation of the lowest of the English masses is still something to break the heart of an idealist. Absence of crime is not virtue; and there are things as inimical to progress and civilization as sin and vice. To lift the people up, to give them a lofty conception of life, and a realization of their human, spiritual, and national responsibilities—this is a great work, and it is the work which most presses for immediate activity.

The Salvation Army is doing this work.

The Man Disappeared.

THEN RETURNED AND PAID HIS CREDITORS.

A Field Officer recently related the following incident to us:

There was a man who used to constantly attend my meetings, and who seemed to be a very hardened character indeed.

Night after night the soldiers would gather around him to pray and plead with him to get saved, but it generally ended in his getting up and going out. In spite of the persistence with which they stuck to him, it did not drive him away from the meetings, and he kept coming and going in the same manner.

At length he came to the penitent form, where he found the Saviour and experienced a real change of heart.

Now, it happened that he owed a great deal of money to various people in the town, and as soon as they heard he had got converted they all pounced upon him for immediate settlement. As he didn't want to go to jail he cleared out, and everybody thought he had run away to avoid paying his debts. After the lapse of a few months, however, he returned and paid off all his creditors. He had gone to the lumber camps in order to earn sufficient to do so.

To-day he is a good, active soldier of the Army and a champion Self-Denial collector.

Forty-Three Years in Prison.

FEELS LIKE A DREAM TO BE FREE.

A prisoner who had been in a State Prison for forty-three years was recently set at liberty by executive clemency. He had been condemned to life imprisonment. He had always insisted that he was innocent of the crime with which he was charged, and has proved a model prisoner. When the Governor's pardon arrived he wept for joy; but when he went around the prison farm to bid good-bye to his pets and to take leave of the other prisoners, he wept at the parting. He is now an old man and has little idea of the changes that have taken place in the outside world. He had never ridden in a railway train, nor even seen an electric car. As the aged man left the building, a reporter asked him how it felt to be at liberty. "Feels like a dream," he said. "I am dreading a sad waking now, but it seems thoroughly real." Even at this late period of his life the blessing of freedom is evidently very welcome to him. How much more welcome is that freedom which Christ gives, which will endure through eternity.

THE WAR CRY.
AN EXPOSITION GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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GAZETTE.

Promotions—

ENSIGN GAD GILLAM to be ADJUTANT.
ENSIGN THOMAS BLOSS to be ADJUTANT.
Capt. Margaret Ducker to be ENSIGN.
Capt. Jessie Beeson to be ENSIGN.
Capt. Mabel Stroud to be ENSIGN.
Capt. Agnes Lloyd to be ENSIGN.
Capt. Everett DeBow to be ENSIGN.
Capt. James Flaws to be ENSIGN.
Lieut. Wm. J. Miller to be Captain.
Lieut. Edgar Turner to be Captain.
Lieut. Sarah Wakefield to be Captain.
Pro.-Lieut. Carrie Stimers to be Pro.-Captain.
Pro.-Lieut. Chris. Sparks to be Pro.-Captain.

Marriage—

Pro.-Capt. Oliver Mardall, who came out from the Temple, 20.7.05, now stationed at T. H. Q., to Pro.-Capt. Isabel Annaveld, who came out from Woodford, England, 22.2.05, last stationed at Norwich, Ont., at the Toronto Temple, on Dec. 24th, by Brigadier Taylor.

Promoted to Glory—

Lieut. Nellie Brown, out of Montreal, 15.5.01, last stationed at Toronto Women's Shelter. Promoted to Glory from Halifax, Oct. 18th, 1906.

Capt. Samuel Munroe, out of Stellarton, 14.8.00, last stationed at Summerside, P.E.I. Promoted to Glory from St. John, N.B., Dec. 10th, 1906.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Comments on Current Matters.

PROSPEROUS CANADA.

The prosperity of Canada continues. To the country's revenue and expenditure statement for the six months ended December 31st is probably the most satisfactory ever issued, the receipts showing a surplus over all expenditures of nearly thirteen million dollars, an amount considerably in excess of last year. Whence this prosperity? From the succession of good wheat years. Beginning with the farmer, in the shape of good harvests, prosperity has permeated all classes of society. How necessary, then, that all should remember with gratitude the Giver of all good, who scattereth hoarfrost like ashes, and causeth the rain to descend and sun to shine. Reader are you rendering Him loving, grateful service?

GOOD FOR THE CHINEE.

A great deal is laid to the door of the "heathen Chinee," but a remarkable testimony to his sobriety is forthcoming from the fact that recently Lin Top was hailed before a Montreal court on a charge of drunkenness—the first Celestial who has ever been so charged in that city, and even this one escaped punishment by putting in the plea that he was sick and not "dlunk," which as like as not was the case. We observe, by the way, that the number of convicts in the penitentiaries of Canada numbered 1,439 on June 30th, of which number but 197 were abstainers, while 545 were intemperate. Drink and crime often go hand in hand. Elsewhere in this issue will be found some interesting statistics relating to our Prison Work in this country.

ONLY A COMMA.

What an important part a little thing can play was recently shown in a court case held in Germany in connection with the San Francisco fire. The company denied all liability for the $4,500,000 claims levied upon it on the ground of an earthquake clause in its policies, and paid none. The suit in the German court was to test the validity of this clause. The court found against the company, and ordered it to pay the claims against it. It is understood that the decision hinged upon the position of a comma or a semi-colon. A little leak will sink a big ship, and a little sin unrepented of and unforgiven will destroy an immortal soul.

FROM 54 COUNTRIES.

An analysis of the immigration into Canada for the fiscal year 1906, totalling 189,064, shows that, apart from the British Isles and the United States, there were arrivals from fifty-four different countries of the world, representing the chief races of the five continents. It is interesting to note in this relation that 46 immigrants came from South Africa, 171 from the West Indies, 340 from Newfoundland, 89 from New Zealand, 7 from Persia, and 18 from Egypt. These figures show that the opportunities offered by Canada to capital and labor have aroused the attention of persons in the most remote parts of the world who are desirous of improving their social and material condition by removing to a new country. We hope that men of the Anglo-Saxon breed will not neglect their opportunities in this respect. At any rate, the Salvation Army will see to it that about 30,000 during 1907 will not do so.

BETTING ON ITS TRIAL.

A case to settle the legality of betting at the race courses in Ontario has been held over till March, when the Supreme Court will give a decision which will settle a long disputed question as to whether betting may be permitted on racing tracks or not. This action is one of four taken in order to ascertain if betting on the race tracks could be stopped. Twenty men were charged with keeping disorderly houses, but the prosecution decided to proceed against five of the defendants, and make it a test case. The magistrate made a conviction against two bookmakers and imposed a nominal fine. The trial took place last summer, and a stated case was drawn up by His Worship. This went to the Court of Appeal and was argued there. The decision went against the bookmakers, and the judgment upheld the magistrate's conviction. However, as the court was not unanimous the defendants had the right to go to the Supreme Court at Ottawa. If the decision there upholds the fine imposed it will settle the long-disputed question. We sincerely trust that it will. Betting is too great an evil to be tolerated anywhere.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

An extraordinary case comes from Germany which shows in a striking light the torments of a guilty conscience. A man recently gave himself up to the Berlin police and asked to be taken into custody for the murder of his mother eleven months previous. The police have come to the conclusion that the man's story is true. The conscience-stricken wretch who could find no peace to his soul until he had made his awful confession declares that he has wandered pretty much all over Europe, living the life of an itinerant working man, but never able to remain long in one place, because of the guilt gnawing at his heart. For three weeks he walked the streets of Berlin, day and night, in search of employment, and then at the end of a racking battle with his conscience, the temptation to confess became irresistible. There are others to-day with guilt gnawing their consciences. Confess to Christ and have forgiveness.

Lethbridge, Alta., has been transferred to the Pacific Province for geographical reasons.

FROM OUR VIEW-POINT.

A TIMELY WARNING.

Winter Campaigner: "Hi, young man, don't be led away by the World."

The General's Movements.

HE CONCLUDES A YEARS GLORIOUS CAMPAIGN AT SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

Fifty-Three Seek Salvation.

The General's Campaign at Southend has been in every sense a fitting finish to a year which has witnessed some of the most strenuous campaigns and some of the most notable achievements of our leader's wonderful life. The crowds, the enthusiasm of the soldiery, the warmth of the public and civic welcome, the eloquence and astonishing vigor of the General himself, and the quality of the results—all combined to make the campaign a singular success. A year of victory has been crowned with triumph.

The General had a sore throat, but for almost two hours he spoke with fervency and magnetic charm that fascinated every ear and heart. His lecture had for its theme the romantic history of the Salvation Army—and as the amazing panorama of its conception, growth, and triumphs was unrolled by its honored founder people even forgot that their feet were cold. In fact, we forgot all else in our anxiety to catch every word of the soul-thrilling narrative that held us captive with its human charm, its sparkling humor, and its wealth of fact.

In such an influential meeting as that held in the afternoon, when the world-wide organization and work of the Salvation Army is so striking reviewed by its founder and leader, the unique and stupendous influence of our General as a prophet and reformer comes home to every intelligent listener with irresistible force.

Last Sunday of 1906.

The last Sunday night in 1906.

The great white Kursaal gleams with electric light. Three thousand people, young and old, pack it in every part, and gaze with strained, and in many instances with anxious faces at the platform.

The General comes on the platform, his step wonderfully firm and his form as straight as ever. A striking figure! A majestic personality! As Alderman Brightwell said at the close of the afternoon meeting, "In our lifetime no greater personality has appeared before the horizon of the world than that of General Booth. And there is no living man whose name will be longer remembered by the people of the world than his."

Conviction and Decision.

From first to last the General's address has been characterized by the most winsome attractiveness on the one hand, and awe-inspiring warning and exhortation on the other.

The thunders of the Judgment Day seem almost audible as the messenger of Jehovah calls upon the mighty crowd to choose between God and Baal. The General pours out his yearning sympathy and love upon his people, and pleads with the manly as tenderly and with the passionate earnestness of a mother pleading for her son's life.

Then the prayer meeting begins and Colonel Eadie and Colonel Lawley soon have a dozen repentant and resolute souls at the mercy seat.

The fight is a hard one, however. But we fight on, and at the end of a still and prolonged contest we rejoiced over fifty-three seekers who had decided to begin the New Year on the side of God and righteousness.

The General's VISIT.

ENTHUSIASM RISING HIGHER AND HIGHER.

Each week brings us nearer to the time when our beloved General will be in our midst, and as the time draws nearer the tide of expectation rises higher. Everything is full of promise for a time of mighty blessing and interest.

Toronto, which is to be the scene of the General's first meetings, is preparing itself for a mighty effort, and will no doubt set a worthy pace for the other great centres which will be visited.

At the Territorial conferences presided over by the Commissioner in connection with the General's visit, most interesting proposals are advanced and reported upon, but as yet they are in too uncertain a stage for us to mention them. These interesting proposals do not only relate to Ontario, but to the other Provinces as well.

We may say, however, it is probable that a "Welcome War Cry" will be issued, which will be of a distinctly interesting and striking character. What it will be like will be told later.

It may be well to remind our readers that the dates of the General's visits are as follows:—

Toronto, March 6th to 15th, inclusive.

Montreal, March 16th, 17th and 18th.

Ottawa, March 19th and 20th.

Winnipeg, March 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.

Vancouver, March 28th and 29th.

On March 30th the General will leave for Seattle, from which point he will embark for the Far East.

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER

Salvation Triumphs in Southern India.

Colonel Hammond, the Resident Indian Secretary, in a cable from Madras states that Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker's visit to Travancore, in Southern India, was a grand triumph.

Leading Hindu gentlemen joined in the welcome to the Commissioner, which was one of the most enthusiastic character.

The Chief Justice, and Dewan Peishkar, of Madras, presided over a large and influential gathering which the Commissioner conducted, while the Maharajah granted him an audience of a most friendly and useful nature.

A great revival fire was fanned by the Commissioner, and 226 souls knelt at the mercy seat.

The prospects for the Territory are superb.

A NEW PARIS HOME.

An Institution for Theatrical Artistes.

Our readers will be interested to hear of the establishment of another Social Institution in Paris. Commissioner Coombs says in a letter to Mrs. Booth:—

"During the last few days we have met Lord Radstock, who has taken a deep interest in the English girls (ranging in age from twelve to fifteen) who work in the Paris theatres. There is a constant flow of these girls the whole year round, but especially during the winter months, from eight to a hundred of them are now in Paris.

"Lord Radstock is very desirous that we should open a boarding house in a central position, where these girls could be received and fed. He is prepared to help us with the expense of such a scheme.

"We have just seen with him a house which is beautifully situated, and where we could receive over twenty girls."

It may seem strange, says Mrs. Booth, to some of our friends that we could think of undertaking to lodge and feed girls who have been brought to Paris with the sole object of going through theatrical performances; but I am quite sure that a knowledge of their circumstances, would enable all to realise that such work as this would be indeed a work of prevention from evil. These girls are often very poor, and during the time of the rehearsals before the play actually begins (generally a period of two or three weeks or longer) they only receive half pay. I heard of some girls who, when asking for an advance of the money due to them, as they were unable to pay their way, received a reply from the manager which was equivalent to the most horrible suggestion that he could possibly make.

The results of the recent Holiness Campaign in South Africa have been good and far-reaching. Not only has a general awakening of interest, and a keen realization of the importance of holiness of heart and life, followed the efforts put forth, but numbers of our soldiers in South Africa, have been led to definitely consecrate themselves and claim sanctification as a present experience.

Commissioner & Mrs. Coombs In Canada's Metropolis---Montreal.

Hundreds Turned Away Sunday Night—Audience in Tears and Sobbing Audibly—Much Conviction—Overflow Meeting Held in No. 1. Citadel—26 Surrenders—H. M. Ames, Esq., M.P., Presided Over the Afternoon Meeting.

ON ROUTE for Montreal, the Commissioner spent the Saturday at Ottawa on very important business.

On stepping into an elevator in the Imperial City, the man in charge said to the Commissioner, "Feel my head." The Commissioner did so, and discovered a hole in it. "That," said the man, "is what I got while with the Army in Montreal, in the days of fierce persecution." An interesting war memory.

Mrs. Coombs accompanied the Commissioner, and inspected the Ottawa Home, as well as the Women's Shelter in Montreal.

The holiness meeting was conducted in the beautiful No. 1. citadel. All the city corps being united, a splendid crowd of soldiers and friends gathered. Brigadier Hargrave, the Provincial Officer, on behalf of his officers and people, welcomed Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs. The entire audience showed their appreciation in a hearty fashion at the pleasure of having their leaders in their midst. After Brigadier Howell had earnestly prayed for the power of God to fall upon us, the Male Quartette sang of the Cleansing Blood. The Commissioner's Bible reading was most effective, and during it he broke into singing, accompanied by the congregation—

"Goodness and mercy all my days
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be."

A splendid prayer meeting followed, when eleven surrenders were made, comrades coming from different parts of the building to present themselves to God.

Sunday afternoon. The Commissioner had been announced to speak upon "The Salvation Army: its Immigration and Colonization Work." The citadel was just about full. Brigadier Howell, in a neat speech, introduced the chairman, H. B. Ames, Esq., M.P., to the audience. Mr. Ames is a very warm friend of the Salvation Army, and in his remarks he said he was sure that Commissioner Coombs needed no introduction to a Montreal audience; in fact, he was known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He eulogized very warmly the Army's grand work in uplifting humanity, and specially commented on its immigration propaganda.

After the writer had sang "My sins went rolling away," the Commissioner was called upon for his address. He carried his audience with him, and we are sure that everybody present left the meeting with a better conception of the Army's work than when they came in. The Revs. Dr. Shaw and C. T Scott spoke a few warm words with reference to the work we are doing, and this wonderfully interesting and instructive meeting was brought to a close by the singing of the doxology.

Sunday night. The Victoria Rifles' Armories, a large building, had been secured for the Commissioner's illustrative service, "From Bethlehem to Calvary," which by this time has become so popular that in nearly every place in which it is given the largest buildings are inadequate to accommodate the crowds. This was no exception at Montreal on Sunday night. Hundreds were turned away, while an overflow meeting was held in the citadel, conducted by Staff-Capt. McAmmond and others. We have seldom, if ever, seen an audience so much moved as at this service. They were weeping and sobbing all over the building, and before a soul moved out a number were on their knees crying for mercy. It was Mrs. Coombs' pleasure to point numbers of them to Christ. Already an appeal has been made for the Commissioner to repeat this in a still larger building.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs were well looked after by the Provincial Officers, Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave, while Mr. and Mrs. Poulter, Brother and Sister Colley, and Mrs. Miller looked after the balance of the visiting Staff.

We noticed a decided improvement in the Montreal Band, which must now muster nearly thirty players.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

Territorial Newsletter.

The present session of Cadets are to be commissioned on Feb. 11th.

There will be a general farewell throughout the Territory on March 3rd.

The Immigration Officers are getting ready for a great rush in the spring. Applications from employers are pouring in at the rate of thirty per day.

Staff-Capt. Patterson left for England last Saturday to conduct a party of emigrants over to this country.

Ensign DeBow will also cross the water on a similar errand at the end of the month.

Our first chartered steamer will leave England on the 28th of March.

Capt. Tatem is appointed to Immigration Work in the Eastern Province.

The Labor Bureau found employment for 160 men last week.

The statistics of our Prison Work for the last year are to hand, and show that 18,971 interviews were held with prisoners, and 837 men were met on discharge. Employment was found for 685 men, and 2,555 meals were given to prisoners. Those who expressed a desire to lead a new life in the various meetings held at the jails numbered 1,372. Quite a quantity of clothing was given away also, and lodgings found for numbers of destitute men, while the fares of 373 were paid to different parts of the country.

Inspectors Stewart and Dawson, of the Department of Justice at Ottawa, in their report refer very kindly to Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire's work in the Penitentiaries of the Dominion. By what the Government is doing, assisted by the Army, they state there is no reason why any man on leaving prison should find it necessary to resume a criminal career.

Staff-Capt. Moore is doing a good work in connection with the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary in the way of helping the convicts on the expiry of their sentence.

Intending visitors to Territorial Headquarters will be glad to know that the elevator is running.

Most people are busy now at Headquarters making preparations for the General's visit. About 650 officers are expected to be present at the Councils which will be held.

Some new openings are reported from the Pacific Province, Vancouver II. and Cranbrooke being the newest corps in the Territory now.

It will be of interest to know that the Commissioner has decided upon the issue of a long-service badge for local officers.

About seventy Cadets are expected to enter the Training College next session. The session opens on Feb. 21st.

Owing to an outbreak of small-pox in the Eastern Province many of our corps have had to be temporarily closed, and our work has been much hindered.

EARNEST PRAYER ANSWERED.

The soldiers of Aurora turned out well for the week-end fight. Some earnest prayer was offered to God for souls, and we rejoiced to see a mother and her daughter seek Jesus.—J. N. E.

The Week-End's Despatches.

There is Some Good Stuff in These Reports. Read Them.

Where is Your Old Friend, Captain So-and-So? No Doubt His Name is in One of These Reports.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SHARP AT OWEN SOUND.

A Great Week-End.

The visit of Lieut.-Colonel Sharp to Owen Sound was a grand and glorious success. A great crowd welcomed the Colonel on Saturday night. Barracks crowded on Sunday, the people delighted with the Colonel's addresses. Holy Ghost working in a mighty way. Eleven seekers for the day. Collections grand. God glorified. Revival spreading.—J. S. McLean, D. O.

THE ANALYSIS OF A FOOL.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin's Striking Subject—Twelve Souls at the Cross.

The meetings at the Temple on Sunday were of exceptional interest. The announcement that Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin were to be in charge was sufficient to attract a large crowd.

The Colonel's addresses were listened to with breathless attention, and his convincing arguments shattered the false props on which many were placing their hopes for the world to come.

His subject in the holiness meeting "The silence of God," was most inspiring and elevating, and his subject on the Sunday night, "The analysis of a fool," brought many to see the folly of the life they were living, and before the service closed eleven had surrendered to God, making a total of twelve for the day.

The Colonel was ably assisted by Mrs. Gaskin, Adjt. Easton, and Capt. Lightbourne.—Landseer.

PRODIGAL SON REPEATED.

Since last reports from St. George's, Ber., we have had a visit from Brigadier Turner and Capt. Emery. Although their stay was a very short one, yet many got blessed, and we all enjoyed his visit very much. Brother Boerman, and some of the other members of the Naval and Military League have been here for another week-end.

The Prodigal Son Demonstration took well, and so was repeated. The Christmas Tree and Watchnight Service were also a real success. One backslider returned to God in the Watchnight Service. We are looking for others during the campaign.—Hephzibah.

SUCCESSFUL BAND FESTIVAL.

At our Watchnight Service at St. Thomas five comrades re-consecrated their lives to God. A midnight march terminated the proceedings.

On New Year's evening a very successful band festival was held, a good program being beautifully rendered, Ensign Riley, of London, very ably assisted, also Adjt. Knight.

The meetings on Sunday were very good, and in the evening Capt. and Mrs. Adamsen farewelled for the Field. They have the prayers and good wishes of all the comrades. Visible results for the week-end, six at the cross.—Sergt. M. Wells.

BRIGADIER COLLIER AT ORILLIA.

The recent visit of Brigadier Collier to Orillia was a time of much blessing. Good crowds came to the services, and one soul came out to claim the blessing in the holiness meeting. In the afternoon the Brigadier gave an address on the Prison Gate Work.

Amongst the penitents who knelt at the mercy seat in the night meeting were two men and their wives. Six souls surrendered altogether.

WINTER CAMPAIGN LAUNCHED IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Hallowed Influence.

The Winter Campaign was inaugurated by Lieut.-Colonel Rees in the S. A. citadel, St. John's I., at the Watchnight Service, where the city corps were united. The building was crowded to the doors, and a most helpful meeting conducted. From the commencement to the finish a most hallowed influence prevailed—soldiers were blessed, sinners convicted, and joy reigned supreme when a woman seated herself half way down the hall, volunteered for Christ. She was followed by several others in quick succession. The meeting closed with songs of victory and praise.

Good news has been received at Provincial Headquarters from some of the outposts, which gives us good reason to hope for blessed victories in this part of the battlefield during the special siege for souls.—Chancellor.

MARCHED THROUGH THE TOWN.

Mayor Gives Generous Donation.

We are having good times at New Liskeard, and our Christmas Tree and entertainment was a grand success. Ensign Peacock was chairman and everyone enjoyed themselves.

A good Salvation meeting was held on Christmas night, when eight souls sought the Saviour.

The Watchnight Service will be long remembered. We held two open-airs and an inside meeting previous to it, and God was with us throughout.

Mayor McKelvy was present and showed his appreciation of the good work of the Army by leaving a donation of $10 behind.

We had a great march through the town at 12.30 a.m., about eighty joining in.—Topsy, for Capt. Chislett.

BERMUDA BRIGADES.

Large Crowds and Numbers of Souls.

There never was known to be such crowds throng the hall as during the last Watchnight Service. Over 1,000 took part in the big march. Since the starting of the Winter Campaign, less than a week ago, nearly sixty have been out for pardon and purity. The revival spirit has taken hold of the soldiers, and a glorious soul-saving campaign will, we are sure, be the result.

On Boxing Day three big united open-airs were held, and enormous crowds looked on. Nearly 100 soldiers took part in each open-air.

At night three brigades were at work and the band picked up the brigades, bringing a crowd that thronged the hall. A musical rally was enjoyed by all. St. George's, Somerset, and Southampton officers and soldiers all joined in for this special event.—Onlooker.

SIX SOLDIERS AND SEVEN SOULS.

Capt. Cavender visited Yarmouth on the 5th and gave an interesting service.

On Sunday Capt. Redmond enrolled six soldiers and we also had the joy of seeing seven souls at the mercy seat.

Our faith is high for a wonderful soul-saving campaign this winter.—J. B.

A GOOD FINISH.

Grand Watchnight Service at Ingersoll. Six out for consecration. God came very near, finished up with all unitedly taking hold of each others' hands and promising to be true to God.—Laknar.

FEEDING THE POOR.

A Press Extract.

From the Newfoundland Daily News we clip the following extract, referring to the Army's doings at Harbor Grace: "In the evening a Christmas service of song was held, a special program, including singing, recitations, and dialogues, being well rendered, the officer in charge, Capt. G. Sparks, presiding. A large congregation was present, a number of poor children being up on the platform. The Christmas Tree, with its many attractive features, was conspicuous. Many deserving persons of the poorest class, including widows and orphans, irrespective of creed, were invited by the officer in charge, to call at the citadel to receive parcels of Christmas gifts, made up of roasts of beef, groceries, ready-made clothing, other dry goods, fruit, candies and toys for children. The widows, orphans, and other poor, had been presented with tickets, and were admitted free of charge. In cases where the poor were unable to attend trustworthy persons were appointed to deliver parcels at their homes. The officer in charge deserves great credit for the successful carrying out of this first attempt in connection with the Army here, to convey good cheer, in this manner to the very poor at Christmas time, and the work of bringing this labor of love to so pleasing an issue reflects the highest commendation upon him."

OTTAWA JAIL WORK.

New Year's Dinner to Prisoners.

It was a memorable day for the prisoners of Ottawa Jail when the Salvation Army gave them a great feast to commemorate the New Year.

Governor Kehoe had kindly made it possible for us to do this, and also rendered every assistance in detailing Turnkeys Clarke and Gainsforth and three prisoner-cooks to help in the preparation and serving of the meal.

The officers of the corps, Adjt. Taylor and Lieut. Dayton, assisted by Ensign Hall, S.-M. French, Sergt. King, and Bandsman Smith, were kept busy preparing the good things, and just before noon they were carried over to the prison and distributed through the different wards.

Adjt. Taylor asked the Divine blessing in each ward, and after all had enjoyed the dinner they sang, "There is a fountain filled with blood." With a prayer and good wishes for the coming year we left them.

Many were visibly affected at the kindness and interest shown to them by the S. A., and they conveyed their thanks through their leader at the following Sunday service.—Prison Worker.

GOING IN FOR MUSIC.

At our Watchnight Service at Moose Jaw seven souls claimed the blessing of a clean heart. We had a splendid march at 12.15 a.m., which quite roused up the town. We have also had the pleasure of seeing nine at the mercy seat.

Our Soul-Saving Campaign started well with two seeking pardon, and we have had God's Spirit working mightily in our meetings since.

All our War Crys are sold every week, and we have increased the order.

We are making arrangements to have a new piano, and very soon we hope to have a band of seven instruments. Our crowds and finances are A 1, and Adjt. and Mrs. Cumming are in for victory.—G. T. H.

TAKING THEIR STAND.

The Winter Campaign is doing well in Londonderry. Quite a number of souls are getting saved, and almost without exception the converts are taking a good stand for God in the open-air as well as in the barracks.

The Holiness Campaign was wonderfully used of God among our own people, and we are seeing the results of it now.

The promotion to Glory of S.-M. Evans also spoke powerfully to the unsaved, and souls have been saved steadily ever since.—War Cor.

A GREENHORN'S MUSICAL MEETING.

Ten Decide to be Soldiers.

The Watchnight Service at Brantford proved a time of inspiration. A whole-hearted consecration for future service was the result. Following this we enjoyed a novel meeting on Thursday night, a "Greenhorn's Musical."

Sunday's meetings were conducted by Adjt. and Mrs. Bloss. Two noticeable features of the day's proceedings were a bandsmen's spiritual meeting at 7 a.m., and a meeting in the jail conducted by Secretary Harding, at 1.30 p.m., in which tears were in evidence, and a young man decided to serve God and renounce drink, to which he attributed his downfall. On Sunday afternoon a colored sister sought salvation. Sunday night the hall was packed, and one soul sought the Saviour. The Adjutant asked all recent converts who were decided to become soldiers to stand to their feet, and ten responded.—W. H. Godden.

PRAYING FOR THREE MONTHS.

Ex-Soldier and Drunkard at the Mercy Seat.

The meetings at Dovercourt are still full of power and blessing. During the week a man who had been a Salvationist for twenty years, but had fallen away in an evil moment, returned to God and was restored to the favor. On Sunday he came out in full uniform, and is very desirous of regaining his old standing.

On Sunday night everyone rejoiced to see a poor drunkard seek for mercy. They had been praying for him for the past three months. He gave a very definite testimony, and shows good evidence of a change of heart.

A THRILLING LIFE-STORY.

Selkirk.—Adjt. Barr and Ensign Weir, of Winnipeg, were with us for the week-end. On Sunday afternoon the Ensign gave a part of his life's story, which was very thrilling, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The Scotch duets were much appreciated.

At night the Adjutant spoke on the "Good Shepherd." God's Spirit was felt and one brother stood up to be prayed for. We are going on to victory.—Mary E. Lidman, Lieut.

SEVEN OUT OF TEN.

In connection with the Winter Campaign at St. John III. Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie announced a soldiers' and ex-soldiers' tea. Ten ex-soldiers were attracted to the meeting, out of whom seven came to the mercy seat.

Ensign and Mrs. Hudson did good work at this service by their singing and music.

The meetings closed with a hopeful word on every tongue over such gratifying results.

On Jan. 10th we had an enrolment of soldiers and commissioning of locals.—B. B.

CHILLY OPEN-AIR WORK.

We are still pushing ahead at Swanton, and the comrades come along well to open-airs, though the temperature is 35 below zero.

Two backsliders have returned to God lately. Lieut. Hutchinson was with us for two days, and the meetings were much enjoyed. A big crowd came to Capt. Davey's lantern service.—E. S.

CONSIDER THY WAYS.

We are having good times at Barrie. Thursday night's meeting was conducted by Sisters Thompson and Jagger. Good crowds and beautiful spirit in the meetings this week-end. Saturday night's meeting was led by J. S. S.-M. Bell and Bro. Soulis. Three held up their hands for prayer.

On Sunday our forces were led by Adjt. and Mrs. Hoddinott. At the Salvation meeting Mrs. Hoddinott gave an earnest address on "Consider thy ways."—O. C. Home.

SANG TO THE OLD PEOPLE.

League of Mercy Work.

We have started the New Year Campaign at **Stratford** full of hope, and already God is blessing our efforts.

On New Year's Day the Ensign and a number of comrades joined the League of Mercy sisters in their usual weekly visit to the Home of Refuge, where we spent a very profitable time. The meeting was conducted by the Ensign, but most of the comrades took part, some singing and others testifying. The old people enjoyed the visit very much, and begged us to come again soon, and many of them were impressed by what they had heard, and we believe this effort will have good results in the near future. After the meeting we visited two of the inmates who were bed-ridden, and gathering round the bedside we sang and prayed with them, to their great joy and comfort.

Thus we started the New Year in real good style, and we are going in for a soul-saving time.—E. C.

A LECTURE ON SLUM WORK.

The Watchnight Service at **Galt** was a powerful time. Seventy-five comrades consecrated their lives afresh to God, and two backsliders returned to the fold.

On New Year's Day the band went serenading, and the sum of $75 was raised. In the evening a family gathering was held. Quite a large number of soldiers and converts sat down to tea, and all enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. Major Stanyon visited the corps during the week, and gave an interesting lecture on New York Slum Work.—Maurice.

A NOVEL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

We have been experiencing good times at **Regina** of late.

The 400 copies of the Christmas Cry went like hot cakes. Our officers were assisted by three of the comrades in their efforts, one of the latter disposing of 80 copies. Well done, Brother John!

A number of souls have been at the penitent form lately, among these being a young man who had come in from the country, and gave evidence of being soundly converted, and two strong and well-built men both of whom had seen much of the seamy side of life.

Our Watchnight Service was a very blessed one, and three young people made up their mind to start the New Year with God as their guide. May they be kept faithful!

A gentleman who had been much blessed by God showed his gratitude by presenting our officers with a quarter of beef at Christmas.—E. B.

PRODIGALS ARE COMING HOME.

The war is still going on at **Winnipeg** !. We have seen a good number of conversions, some of them splendid cases. On New Year's Eve Staff-Capt. Taylor enrolled eighteen new soldiers, and commissioned the band thirty-two strong.

The Watchnight Service was conducted by Brigadier Burditt, assisted by Major Creighton and Adjt. Barr. The hallowed presence of God was felt all through the meeting, and some fifty came out and gave themselves afresh to God at the midnight hour. It was good to be there.

The senior and junior locals have received their commissions for the New Year, about fifty in all, and with a united effort we are looking for some wonderful soul-saving times. Last Sunday night a young man came forward who had served as an officer under the Commissioner in the Old Land. He with twelve others found peace. Three ex-officers have lately taken their stand for God in the Army at No. I. corps, and are doing well.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs and Capt. Bessie Sheppard are doing their best to keep the flag at the masthead and win souls.—T. C.

HOPELESS ONE AT MERCY SEAT.

The Winter Campaign is being pushed at **Chatham, Ont.** One of the most hopeless cases in town knelt at the mercy seat on Thursday. One more came on Saturday night, five on Sunday, and another on Monday. There are many more under conviction.—C. Jarvis.

OUR SHORT STORY

A Cup of Cold Water, and Its Sequel.

By Colonel Lawley.

A FRENCHMAN was stranded in London some time ago, through a variety of causes which there is no need of particularizing.

He was in a strange land, amongst a people of strange speech, friendless and unknown. He had sought employment diligently and long; but people regarded him as an alien, and had no work for him. He was hungry and destitute—completely on his beam-ends.

Whilst in this deplorable condition he turned to the Salvation Army, and in its Shelters obtained food and rest.

He also listened to words of encouragement and counsel, and was finally provided with suitable employment, by means of which he soon regained his footing in the world.

Prosperity Results.

The young Frenchman ultimately went back to his own country and settled in Paris—that centre of whirling business, fashionable pleasure, and deep-dyed sin. But the good influences that he had gained by his contact with the Salvation Army did not leave him, but remained a continual inspiration to a good life. Prosperity attended his efforts in business.

* * * *

For the past sixteen years the home of our No. I. corps in Paris, and the National Headquarters, have been situated in an obscure courtyard—completely out of sight. Commissioner Cosandey, however, determined that more suitable premises should be secured so that the progress of the Salvation Army in the gay city should be facilitated.

Inquiries were set on foot and officers made diligent search for more prominent premises; but after some days the net result went to show that anything in the principal thoroughfares was quite out of the question, as the rents of the premises situated in the boulevards were simply fabulous.

The Commissioner began to get discouraged—his hopes in this direction did not seem likely to be realized. He had knocked at many doors, but only to meet with disappointment. In his extremity he heard of a hall to be let in one of the most fashionable boulevards of the city, and there is no doubt that the message was directed by God, as the following will show.

The hall was duly inspected. The situation was declared to be splendid, and the premises, with slight adaptation, were admirably suited to the purposes of the Commissioner.

What is to be Done?

The next burning question was the matter of rent, and inquiries resulted in the oft-repeated experience. The rent was absolutely impossible—being far, far above the resources of the Army's war chest.

This, then, was the position: The building was all that the Commissioner could wish—its situation was good, the position was grand, and the neighborhood tip-top—but its rent was entirely prohibitive.

A Welcome Surprise.

The premises were in the hands of three gentlemen, who asked an annual rental of £240, £40 more than the Army could afford to pay.

Commissioner Cosandey waited on these gentlemen and explained his difficulty. They listened very sympathetically, and ultimately asked that he would call and see them again, when they would give him a decision.

At the appointed time, the Commissioner called. The gentlemen produced their lease and showed the amonut of rent they, themselves, paid, and the number of years they held the property. "But, Commissioner," said they, "if the hall will meet your needs you can have it on your own terms."

It was not long before a bargain was struck, an agreement signed, and the hall handed over to the Army for a term of eighteen years.

Then one of the gentlemen told the Commissioner the story of the man related above, and concluded by saying, "When our partner, Mr. So-and So, was friendless in London, without money or a home, your Salvation Army gave him 'a cup of cold water,' so to speak. You became his friends and we are glad to be able to repay you in a measure for your kindness to him."

The above story was told to me by the Commissioner on the occasion of the General's visit to Paris, and is but one of hundreds of similar cases of men who have been saved in this world and the next that I have heard of in my travels. Comrades, how true the lines—

"We know no nation, no color, no clime,
All are redeemed by the Saviour Divine."

Let us all go on with our Christlike business—Social and Spiritual alike are helping to bring the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth.

TWO MORE CAPTURED.

Since our last report from **Burk's Falls** we have captured two more souls.

Capt. Hayhoe is in charge here, and we have also welcomed Lieut. Andrew.—Patrick.

WHAT WAIT I FOR?

A hearty welcome was given by the soldiers and friends of **Tillsonburg** to their new D. O., Staff-Capt. McLean on Tuesday night. The Staff-Captain's talk on "What wait I for?" was listened to by a large and interested crowd. All extend to the Staff-Captain a hearty invitation to come again soon.—Mrs. Keeley.

A WOOD-SAWING BEE.

Sunday was a happy day to our souls at **Little Bay Island.** We felt much of the presence of God with us.

On Tuesday night we held another Salvation meeting, and before the close two backsliders came home.

On Wednesday night quite a number of the young men got together and sawed wood for the barracks and quarters. Friday night four sought the blessing of a clean heart.

FIVE SEEKERS.

The fight for God and souls is progressing in **Calgary,** and Sunday closed with five seekers at the mercy seat.—W. J. W.

Around St. John, N.B.

At **No. I. Corps** Major and Mrs. Phillips led on the forces, assisted by Ensign Fleming and Capt. Bigelow. The crowds were excellent, and much interest was felt in the meetings.

No. II. Corps.—Capt. March reports prosperous times. Great crowds on Sunday, with one soul at night. The aftermath of the P. O's visit is being felt. Seven souls in eight days is a worthy record.

No. III. Corps.—Ensign and Mrs. Hudson led the Sunday meetings here. Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie are getting into the hearts of the people, and will no doubt see some good results.

St. John V.—Capt. Emery, who has been laid aside through sickness, is around again. Lieut. Rogers, who spent Christmas at Montreal, has also returned. Adjt. and Mrs. Thompson led the Sunday meetings; the Adjutant enrolled six soldiers in the afternoon, and one soul sought God at night.

Carleton.—The City Special Efforts Troops put on "The Beautiful City" here this week, which took the place by storm. At the close Capt. Brace's heart was made glad by seeing her only sister kneel at the cross and obtain Salvation. Ensign Prince led the Sunday meetings and enrolled three soldiers. At the united meeting on Monday evening one soul came to God.

Fairville corps was led on by Capt. Wallace White, the Trade Agent. He reports a hard field, but good prospects ahead.—B. B.

DRINK SLAVES DELIVERED.

One Sang "I Surrender All."

A rousing week-end is reported from **Lisgar St.** On Sunday night the memorial service of Bandsman Dale was held. The barracks was packed and a very impressive address was given by Capt. McFatrick. Adjts. and Mrs. Gillam and White were present and assisted in the meeting. The band worked well, which contributed greatly to the final result.

During the prayer meeting eleven souls, many of them slaves to drink, came forward to the mercy seat and found deliverance. One man, when asked to give his testimony said he could not say anything then but he would sing a chorus. He stood up, therefore, and sang with much feeling, "I surrender all." The meeting did not close till 10.30 p.m.

The soldiers are all in earnest over the Winter Campaign, and are going in to do their best for God and Souls.

A DESPERATE TRIO.

They Promise to Do Better.

Good week-end services were held at **Parliament St.** On Saturday night three hard cases knelt at the mercy seat and promised to lead a new life. One was a hard drinker and fighter, one was a man who had deserted his wife and five children in Chicago, and the other was a burglar from Kansas City. The latter went to the police station after the meeting, accompanied by two Salvationists, and made a confession, thus giving evidence of his sincere desire to do right at all costs.

Three recruits were enrolled on Sunday afternoon, and each one expressed his determination to fight boldly for God in the Salvation Army.

Soldiers all enthusiastic and full of faith for the Winter Campaign.

SASKATOON STILL GETTING SOULS.

At our Watchright Service we had the joy of seeing nine kneeling for Salvation and consecration.

On Tuesday, to our sorrow, we held a farewell meeting for Lieut. Norman, who is proceeding to Fort William.

The prayer of the soldiers and friends is that God will make the Lieutenant a blessing and inspiration to others as she has been to us.

Capt. Willcy is still leading us on to victory.—H. V. J.

A BACKSLIDER RETURNS.

Captain Davey has recently visited **Wetaskiwin** with an interesting lantern service.

On Sunday night a backslider came home to God.—Henry.

THE "WRECKING" OF SHIPS.

An Interesting Account of Some Stranded Ships that Have Been Floated Into Deep Water.

AMONG all the perilous professions there is none more hazardous, none more interesting than that of the ship-wrecker. Day and night, year in and year out his strange fleet, embracing some of the most powerful apparatus afloat, is ready to race to a scene of disaster; to assist in the saving of human life; to fight with powerful pumps the treacherous fires smouldering in the holds of luckless "tramps"; to pull from the beach some splendid greyhound which has wandered astray in the ocean fog; to raise and float the costly ocean palace lying beneath many fathoms of water, or to blow up the shapeless hulk—shattered beyond repair and a menace to navigation. These and scores of other soul-stirring feats comprise the weekly duties of the daring "wreckers" of ships.

One of the most spectacular, and yet one of the most simple jobs ever undertaken by a wrecking company was that of the raising of the steamship Saale, the crematory of over one hundred human beings, burned in the memorable Hoboken pier fire, not many years ago.

The Saale, fire ridden from stem to stern, was sunk in soft mud off the Statue of Liberty.

To the layman it seemed impossible the vessel could ever be raised and restored. But to the wrecking master nothing was more simple, the problem simply involving the application of the same law of nature that had caused the vessel to sink. The hull itself was practically water-tight; to make it absolutely so it remained only to send divers down the side of the steamship to stop up the port-holes. Boards faced with thicknesses of canvas were placed over these openings and screwed home, pumps being emplaced while the clearing out and stopping up processes were going on.

Down in the engine room the Saale was a jungle of iron ladders and skeleton platforms, hopelessly twisted among the huge frames and rods and other portions of the once splendid engines—engines that had driven the liner through thousands of perilous miles of sea from continent to continent.

A ponderous floating derrick, sufficiently powerful to lift from a railroad track into the hold of a vessel, the biggest six-wheel locomotive ever built, was made fast alongside the wreck, opposite the engine room. Down from the lofty steel arm of this enormous contrivance hung the monstrous chain cable, as big around as the calf of a man's leg, and provided with great steel hooks. The divers in the engine room adjusted these hooks to strategic projections, and came to the surface. The engine puffed, the chain drew taut, and then suddenly, amid a tearing, crunching, and grating clatter, the tangled debris which had cluttered the engine room rose high in the air, as readily as a strong man might lift a snarled armful of bale wire.

Then eight wrecking pumps, each capable of throwing four thousand gallons a minute, were set in place, while barges with steam boilers to furnish the necessary power were towed alongside. And when the last toggle had been placed over the last port-hole, the monsters were started simultaneously, each throwing a veritable Niagara of white churned water out of the hold and over the side of the wreck.

Seven days had been required to install these pumps and to prepare the way for their use. Less than five hours were needed to clear the grand hull after the pumps were started. With a tremor and an upward bound the gutted steamship tore loose, shooting up, indeed, four feet above her water-line, after which, of course, she settled naturally and swung at anchor.

Rescuing the Stranded St. Paul.

One of the most interesting methods employed by wrecking engineers is that of making the vessel "go to her caines," a paradoxical trick consisting of turning to good account the very forces of the surf which tend ordinarily to drive a vessel higher and higher until she is pounded to bits on the sands. This method was used in salving the St. Paul.

It was a few years ago, while the steamship was feeling her way through a dense fog, that she lost her bearings, and with head pointed directly toward the interior of New Jersey, ran hard and fast aground on the Long Beach sands. The liner, as she finally came to rest, was not more than two hundred yards from the beach line, her ponderous hull having plowed deep into the ocean sands, which held her fast—an ocean monster in a gigantic marine trap.

Experts declared that the splendid ship could never be floated, and that she would lie where she struck until the first Atlantic gale battered her to pieces. However, the wrecking engineers most closely concerned with the salving of the vessel thought otherwise. Lighters were towed alongside the big hull, the stranded vessel's derricks were rigged, and, racing day and night against the coming of the next fierce gale, the cargo was taken out of the various holds and the vessel lightened to the extent of three thousand tons, all in three days.

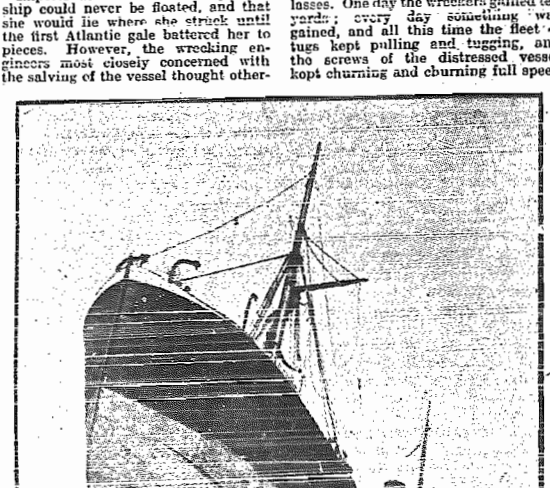
Then began a wonderful spectacle, which thousands of New Yorkers witnessed from the shore day by day. Ponderous steel hawsers were hitched to the St. Paul, and thirty ocean tugs pulled at them, while the mighty propellers of the liner itself were used until the sea was churned white. But the leviathan remained fast. Old sailors, life-savers, and other spectators concurred alike in the opinion that the vessel was doomed. But the wrecking engineers knew a trick worth two of this first one.

Three long Manila cables as thick around as a man's leg were attached to four-ton anchors, sunk out in the sea two hundred fathoms from the St. Paul. Then the other ends were attached to windlasses on the deck of the stranded craft and were drawn as taut as fiddle strings.

The vessel was then secured so that the breakers could not drive her farther up on the beach. But these cables were for another and even more important service; as the breakers rolled against the stern of the steamship with all the frightful fury of a sullen sea, the tendency of the hull was, of course, to plow farther up on the beach; but the cables prevented this. In accordance with the law of dynamics the ship had to do something, however. As each breaker crashed against the stern, the hull, being restrained from going forward, and being obliged to move, rose in the air—very little, it is true, yet still high enough to suit the purposes of the wreckers; for, as it slapped down again after each watery impact, the strain and elasticity of the cables tended to pull the vessel outward—not far, a foot, six inches at a time, perhaps; but ever seaward—the slack of the cables being taken up by the wind losses. One day the wreckers gained ten yards; every day something was gained, and all this time the fleet of tugs kept pulling and tugging, and the screws of the distressed vessel kept churning and churning full speed astern, and derricks were exerting their great lifting power—until at last, at the end of three weeks, more than three weeks if memory serves, with a bedlam of shrieking whistles and cheers the splendid greyhound was dragged from her sandy bed and floated in her natural element.

The wreckers of to-day have brought their trade to such a degree of perfection that they will guarantee to raise any sunken steamship, however large from coastwise depths. At, or rather in, great depths, where divers cannot live more than a few seconds, and where the surge of the ocean rocks and buffets pontoons and other apparatus, the raising of a vessel, small or large, is out of the question.

Wrecking companies may deal either with steamship companies or the marine underwriters. If the owners of a wrecked vessel feel that they would rather have the vessel than abandon her and pocket the insurance money for her total loss, they engage the wreckers to raise her. On the other hand, if the owners abandon a wreck the insurance people pay the loss, and then have the vessel raised; and, refitting her, they sell at a good price.



The Extraordinary Plight of the S.S. "Carrington."

The "Carrington" ran aground on the treacherous rocks of Ushant, but, strange to say, was not damaged. The bow remains tilted high in the air, the stern keeping afloat, and the vessel actually plays see-saw with the rise and fall of the tide. It is a wonder that the vessel did not break her back.

A Chat with Our Readers.

We sincerely hope that all our readers, whether officers, soldiers, or friends, read the announcement concerning the Easter War Cry in this column last week, and contained elsewhere in this issue. We also hope—earnestly, tremblingly hope—that if not all, at least a good number, have acted upon it, and while this issue of the Cry is being whirled over prairie, mountain, and stream, your communication is being similarly whirled to Toronto, to make glad the heart of the Editor, and ultimately the thousands of War Cry readers.

The main features of the issue are being got together, but we want those tit-bit incidents that so delight and thrill your comrades when related over a cup of steaming tea, or told in railway cars when you came to Congresses, Councils, etc. Let us have them. Read again the announcement on page 15, and send us your contribution. Write, and write to-day, and mark your contribution, "Easter Cry."

It is quite possible that some of our comrades may have suffered a slight disappointment in connection with their increased supplies of the Young Soldier since it has assumed its new and attractive form. May we, on behalf of the printers and publishers, crave their indulgence. These disappointments have been caused by the additional work involved in the number of printings, foldings, etc., but no doubt by this time the printing office has met its requirements, and these things will happen no more.

We also commend the following extract to the notice of those who want a spiritual refresher, or desire to send a bracing hallelujah tonic to a friend. It is from a Baptist reader to the Commissioner:—

"It is not principally on the Army I write, it is about the War Cry. I am a reader of this almost invaluable journal of the Army, and wish to compliment yourself and also the Editor. I would not miss a copy of it for a good deal, being interested in all Christian work and a reader of many religious journals, but I consider the War Cry above all. T. F. W."

The War Cry will be sent post free to any part of Canada for one year for a dollar.

This sort of a letter is encouraging to an Editor:—

"Dear Sir,—Just a few lines in regard to the War Cry. We have been taking the Canadian Cry for the last six years every week, but we think the War Cry is better now than it has ever been during that time. Those short stories touch my heart quicker than any sermon that could be preached. We like the serial story, and the one entitled 'What the Law Could Not Do.' I have been following that up, and when it is done I hope you will have another ready. The Christmas Cry was the best yet. The piece by P. S. Esnouf entitled 'Turn Down the Lights,' was very touching. May God bless you in your noble work. You are doing more good than you know of through the silent messenger, the War Cry.—From your comrade under the flag."

We want for a particular purpose the name and address of a comrade who is a trophy of the power of God to convert a drunkard from his foolish ways. There are any amount to be found up and down the country, and we know of several ourselves, but as there may be some more striking case than those we know of, we should be glad if any officer, soldier, or friend would write and tell us of the most notable case they know.

Sketches of London Life. No. 2.

Sample Types of the Flotsam and Jetsam of a Great City.

THROUGH the publicity given to the case by a Salvation Army newspaper, not so very long ago, a consumptive news-boy was sent to a place favorable to his complaint.

This little fellow was an excellent type of his class, and a pen-portrait of him will give War Cry readers a good idea of the juvenile flotsam and jetsam that drift hither and thither in the city of London.

Jack Smith was the child of a drunken couple, who thrust him out to shift for himself because he was not a strong boy and likely to earn wages which they could spend in drink. When they thus jettisoned him on to the street they lived at Wapping; where now they live, if alive, no one knows.

He started business on his own account by selling matches. This gained him the name of "Matches," by which he is known amongst his chums. He gained but little else, and finally quitted match-selling for a boy's place on a Pickford's van. The long hours proved too much for his failing strength, and he took to selling newspapers.

A Difficult Task.

It would puzzle a physiognomist to tell Jack's age by his face. He looks twelve, but says he is seventeen. He has the old-mannish look so characteristic of the street arab—and, we must confess, appears to us to possess some of the failings of that class. Poor little fellow—with his upbringing it is not to be wondered at.

His ill-health, however, had prevented him from many of the practices of boys of the street. For instance, the Stop-press Column of the evening papers is largely, if not altogether, devoted to sporting news, and the newsboys make the information contained in it their catchcalls to the public. The natural consequence is that the attention of the newsboys largely centres round the racing news, and they, too, learn to "back their fancy."

Jack Smith tells us that a boy-bookmaker in the Strand, who made books for a penny and upwards, "'Ad ernuff o' my pennies wivaht my gettin' ennyfink." He also added, with moving pathos, "I ain't mide enny bets since last flat. I feels so tired that I can only keep goin' for the early 'ditions, and so only earns ernuff for my grub an' lodging—an' not allus that."

Street Gambling.

Jack has been to prison. The charge-sheet states "for gambling on the streets." But this is Jack's version: "Yer see, guv-nor, I wos peckish an' 'adn't 'ad a toss on me, so I offered the pack o' cards to a pal o' mine for a penny, and we wus a-countin' on 'em on a door-step when along comes two pline-clothes cops and grabs free of us, and we wus sent to Pentonville."

On their release their chums clubbed together and collected two-and-eightpence to give the three boys another start.

Some months ago Jack was so ill that the Captain of the Boys' Shelter got him admission to the City of London Infirmary, where food and rest greatly benefited him, and he was discharged. Then again was manifested the natural good-heartedness of the street-boys, for they collected three shillings for him.

A Hard Time.

But poor little Jack Smith has had it hard of late; the pains across his chest, the difficulty in breathing, the hacking cough and expectoration, with increasing weariness of limbs has made selling papers difficult. To hear his low, hoarse voice when talking one would never think that on the occasion of the death of a celebrated General, he was marched off to the police-station for shouting the contents of the papers. He was, nevertheless; but was dismissed with a caution.

While conversing with Jack Smith my attention was attracted to a little fellow whose light necktie was the subject of good-humored chaff by some, and the undisguised admiration of all the boys present in the Shelter. It was a new tie. One of the boys said it was "a weddin' tie." Conversation with the proud wearer of the new tie elicited the information—told with pardonable pride—that on Friday night he had bought, in Leather Lane, a new coat for 1s. 8d.; waistcoat, 8d.; trousers, 1s. 6d.; tie and collar, 8½d.; cap, 6d.; boots, 2s. 6d. He had also had his hair cut, and had washed his shirt; thus equipped, on the Saturday he presented himself at a branch of a Tea Table Company, and had secured work—"at seven bob a week an' me grub."

He was an undersized, wizened little chap of fourteen, but had the heart of a full-grown man.

Penniless and Homeless.

His parents were dead—had died at Willenhall in Staffordshire, and he and his brother had made their way to London. For a month they were "alone in London" in a very real sense. Not knowing the shifts and dodges by which the native Cockney keeps body and soul together, they often experienced the gnawings of hunger. Penniless and homeless, they discovered a sack in a shed in the locality of Euston Road, and for a month the little fellows wriggled themselves into the sack and slept in the shed.

One night the rays of a policeman's bull's-eye were turned upon them, and the gruff voice of the guardian of the night bade them begone, with the threat that if he caught them there again he would take them in charge.

Affrighted, the boys fled, and the sack and the shed knew them no more.

A day or two afterwards, in the course of their wanderings a boy told them of the Salvation Army Boys' Shelter, and having managed to scrape together fourpence, they went to the Shelter. It was the beginning of better days for them. Ragged and dirty as they were, no one would employ them. The Captain, however, provided them with cleaner and better clothes, and they made stout-hearted efforts to get the necessary twopence for a bed.

Donald Nicol (the lad with the tie) got work as a van-boy, and having managed to save a few shillings, bought the aforementioned new rig-out, and succeeded in getting what he gleefully informed me fas a "good job."

Homeless by Night.

"Do you know where poor boys sleep who haven't the money for their shelter?" I asked him, after listening to his story.

Donald's Staffordshire accent and thick Cockney slang was not always intelligible, and it quite baffles reproduction.

"Yuss, guv-nor; I knows where lots of 'em doee."

"Could you take me to any of these places, so that I can bring them here to sleep?"

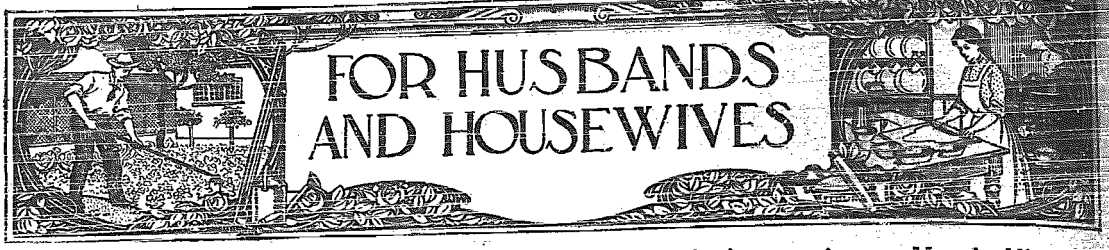
"Yuss, I'll hev a try," said Donald.

And out we went. It was about half-past ten. My little guide buttoned his coat and stiffened his back and stepped out. He was a manly little chap.

I thought I ought to utilize this nocturnal walk to give him some spiritual advice.

(Continued on page 15.)

One night the rays of a policeman's bull's-eye were turned upon them.



EDITOR'S NOTE.—Is there anything on this page for you? If not, write and tell us your difficulty and we will advise to the best of our knowledge. We cannot, however, undertake to answer every question, for there is a large variety of cranks in the world, and some may have even found their way into Canada; but reasonable questions relating to the soul, or social life of our readers we shall be happy to submit to our advisers and publish their counsel on this page.

Cookery Hints.

COLD-WEATHER PUDDINGS.

Winter is unquestionably the time for suet puddings and all dishes which contain fat—a heat producer—in any form. Try some of the following when the weather is at its coldest:

Suet Pudding.—Chop 1 cup of suet very fine, add 1 cup molasses, then 1 cup milk. Beat well; add ½ teaspoon salt, 3 cups flour, in which 3 level teaspoons baking powder have been sifted, and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Beat hard for 3 minutes, then add the raisins, well floured. Turn into a greased mould, and steam 3 hours.

Suet Pudding.—Enough for ten persons, or may be warmed over by steaming: 1 cup chopped suet, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 3 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon clover, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ a nutmeg (grated). Chop suet fine, and add to it the spice and salt. Warm the molasses, add it to the soda, and when the latter is dissolved turn into the dry mixture, stir quickly, and put in the milk. Add the flour slowly, as flour varies in consistency, and when the batter seems thick enough (it should not be very stiff), stop. Butter a mould, pour the pudding in, and steam three hours.

Chocolate Bread Pudding.—2 cups bread crumbs, 4 cups milk, 2 squares Baker's chocolate, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ¼ teaspoon salt. Method: Soak bread in warm milk, melt chocolate, add part sugar and some milk to chocolate, add to bread with remaining ingredients, turn into a baking dish, bake till set, in moderate oven. Serve with hard sauce.

Egg Cooked in Shell.—Put water in a saucepan deep enough to cover egg. Bring to boiling point, put in egg, cover closely, put back on stove warm enough to touch with hand. In 10 minutes they will be cooked soft; in 15 minutes they will be cooked medium; in 20 minutes they will be cooked firm. Boiling an egg makes it tough and hard to digest; long boiling makes egg white mealy; if over-cooked in liquid, the egg separates from the water that is curdles.

Graham Pudding.—1½ cups graham flour, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ cup molasses, 1 cup sweet milk. Method: Dissolve soda in milk, mix this with molasses, graham, fruit, beat well, turn into a well-buttered mould and steam four hours steady. Serve with the following sauce: 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 1-3 nutmeg, 1 pint water.

Rice Muffins.—2½ cups flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¾ cup hot cooked rice, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 5 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter. Method: Mix flour and baking-powder, add sugar to egg, half milk, beaten together, mix remaining milk with rice, add to flour, then melted butter. These are beautiful if properly done.

Stewed Dates should be prepared thus: Select the cheaper fruit, place it in a jar, add a little water, a few strips of orange and lemon rind, but no sugar. Place the jar, closely covered, in a slow oven and cook for two hours.

Hasty Soup.—Dissolve a packet of concentrated soup in water, season it to taste, and add a few drops of vinegar. Just before serving add some finely-chopped parsley, which makes a pretty garnish and improves the flavor.

Apple Dumplings.—One quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter (or half lard and half butter), one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two cups of milk. Make a dough, cover apples which have been pared and cored, and pinch together the dough ends. Boil hard for one hour.

Molasses Candy.—One cup of molasses, two cups of sugar, one tablespoon vinegar, a little butter and vanilla; boil ten minutes and allow it to cool enough for pulling.

Butter Scotch.—Melt together two tablespoons of sugar, three of molasses, one of butter, one of water, pour into a buttered dish, and set away to cool.

Macaroons.—Three-quarters of a cup butter, one pound white sugar, three eggs, two teaspoons bitter almonds, two teaspoons baking-powder, two tablespoons milk, two cups flour, make in balls.

Gardening.

SOME WINTER-BLOOMING PLANTS

Primroses do best in a rather cool place, yet they must never be chilled. As they require good light, yet not too much sunshine, an eastern window is, perhaps, the best situation.

The Petunia.

The petunia, especially the single variety, is a winter bloomer that is sure to give good results with only a moderate amount of care. Even when it has exhausted itself flowering, it may, by simply cutting it down nearly to the root and giving weekly applications of manure water, be induced to shoot up again and produce flowers in great profusion.

Petunias may be grown either from seed or from cuttings. The soil should be loose—that scraped from about the roots of grass is excellent—and manure water may be applied every week with advantage. While making vigorous growth, and before the buds have begun to form, the plant should be pinched back from time to time in order to force the growth of new wood. It is upon the new shoots that the flowers appear, and by pruning judiciously a great many blossoms may be forced at the same time.

The Oxalis.

The oxalis, often called shamrock, is a well-known and most deserving favorite. Nothing daintier than its small pink or white flowers appears in the whole range of house plants, while its habit of closing its leaves and apparently "going asleep" at night gives it an individuality of its own, a sort of human attribute most appealing to the affections.

In order to have the oxalis flower well in winter, it is absolutely necessary to give the tubers a long rest during summer. In spring the plant should be allowed to dry off, and should be kept almost dry in some out-of-the-way spot until October, when it should be taken into the house and forced.

The soil should be a rich sandy loam, and plenty of water should be given, provided, of course, that the drainage is good, a necessity to the oxalis. As it rejoices in sunshine, a southern window is the best situation for it.

It is a Help in Bathing a Baby to place a board across the top of the bathtub and rest the small tin tub on this. This saves stooping over, and the tub is easily emptied into the bathtub.

Handy Hints.

If anything catches fire while cooking, throw salt upon it at once to prevent a disagreeable smell.

Fruit stains on linen can be taken out if powdered starch be applied at once. This should be allowed to remain for several hours.

Corks that are too large for bottles, soak them in boiling water, when they will become soft and easy to put into bottles.

When making coffee in a jug, place the ground coffee in a muslin bag, heat the jug, and pour perfectly boiling water on it.

When clearing away dinner, any soups or gravies left over should be put away in clean basins and pans, and in warm weather boil them up before putting them away.

Pour scalding water over apples and then the skins can easily be removed, and much labor saved. This hint is especially useful for fruit to be used in a tart.

Never consider the dinner prepared till all dishes, plates, and tureens are put on the rack to heat. Never place crockery in the oven to warm, for it is apt to smell nasty, besides being made brittle.

To boil vegetables well, place them in fast-boiling water, bring quickly to the boiling-point again, not allowing them to steep in the hot water before boiling, which toughens them and destroys both flavor and color.

Kerosene will remove rust and fruit stains from almost every kind of goods without injuring the fabric. Wash the soiled parts in kerosene as you would in water. This must be done before the parts are wetted with water, to be effectual.

Tie your shoestrings in this way and you will not find that they come unfastened: Proceed exactly as if you were going to tie an ordinary bow, but before drawing it up, pass the right-hand loop through the knot, then give a steady pull on both loops and the string will be fastened securely. This can be easily untied by pulling the right-hand string.

Slightly tainted meat and poultry should be washed in vinegar, or boiled with a piece of charcoal tied in muslin in the water. This water should be poured off when the meat is half cooked and fresh water substituted.

To keep fish fresh for some time this recipe was sent to me from the West, where, I am told, it is used by the fishermen. Well clean and scrape the fish, then salt, particularly the inside, and hang head downwards on a line, exposed to the air to dry.

Asked and Answered.

H. M. P.—Can you explain why we keep Sunday?

Sunday—the Christian Sabbath—is "the day on which we commemorate the triumph of Christ by resurrection over all the powers of darkness and sin"; the Lord's Day (Revelation i. 10). It was the Day of Pentecost (Acts ii. 1, 2) the birthday of the church. It was the regular day appointed by the early church to give special offerings (Acts xx. 7; 1 Cor. xvi. 2). There was a general suspension of work on that day until A.D. 321, when the Emperor Constantine issued an edict forbidding all worldly business in the cities, but allowing country people to tend to their crops on that day if injury to them were likely to be the result of resting.

In Trouble.—You are not yet old enough to become an officer, but you should not allow the prejudices of others to hinder you from working quietly as a soldier. I take it for granted that you are supporting yourself. In that case you are not dependent upon others in the same way, and have a greater right to choose for yourself. Avoid all the friction you possibly can, for the Kingdom's sake. Cultivate a sweet spirit, full of patience and large allowance for the non-understanding of others. Get them to read any Army literature you can. Above all, shield yourself by much prayer. God can break down all opposition and make your way open before you.

F. W. C. thinks he hears a voice continually urging him to go to Iceland; yet he is arranging to enter the Training Home next session.

Understand very clearly that God never asks us to do anything impracticable, useless, or apart from common sense. One must never allow voices or impressions to guide us against sound, good sense and judgment. If God wants you to go to Iceland He will open a way, and the way will come through the ordinary doing of your duty, not through the working of a special miracle.

A Troubled Soul.—How can I know that I am born again?

Read Romans viii. 15, 16. The spirit of assurance is given in answer to faith—such faith as is described in the preceding reply. Exercise that faith in Jesus Christ as simply as a child accepts your word, and assurance from God will follow. Do not be looking for feeling; occupy your thoughts with Christ Himself, and He will so reveal His love and power to you that there will be no room for doubt.

W. C.—For what reason did the Lord take the Children of Israel into Egypt and keep them there for a period of time before He released them?

The most apparent reason is that the power of His Omnipotent arm might be manifested to a heathen nation. It is, however, very likely that the awful state of morals in the land of Canaan was one great reason why He took His chosen people out of what might have defiled and corrupted them for ever.

A. M. asks if Matt. x. 5-10, and Luke ix. 1-6, is true for the preachers of Christ going forth to-day.

The spirit of those directions must be obeyed to-day, but circumstances and surroundings have greatly changed. In the first place, the injunction concerning Gentiles and Samaritans was wholly abolished by Christ's later command in Matthew xxviii. 19 and Mark xvi. 15. Then it must be remembered that they were living in a land where hospitality was a part of their very religion. Two coats and two pair of shoes were unnecessary, because wherever they stayed the wants would be very gladly supplied. Eastern and Western customs must always be compared when reading the Bibles. The spirit of the teaching remains, however. The ambassadors of Christ are not to bend their energies upon making themselves rich, nor others who work for the bread that perisheth are to minister to them of their substance, leaving them free to spend all their time in the service of the Kingdom.

Sketches of London Life.

(Continued from page 13.)

Praying Donald.

"Do you ever pray, Donald?" I asked.

"Yuss, sir; I come out to the penitent form in the Shelter meeting last Sunday night, an' asked God to fergive me my sins, an' now I says me prayers every night an' mornin', an' before an' ar er i 'as me grub."

"And you don't bet and play pitch-and-toss, Donald?"

"No, sir; I gives my money to the Capt'n to save for me."

Further conversation with Donald confirmed the good impression of him that I had already formed.

"What does your brother work at?" I enquired.

"'E's out of work at present; but I'm goin' to buy him a collar and tie, an' see if 'e can't get on at the T. T."

By this time we had arrived at the neighborhood of Smithfield Meat Market.

"There is a place here where there should be some boys," said Donald, pointing to big hoarding. He worked open a little door and we passed through.

An Uncanny Place.

It is difficult to describe the place in which we found ourselves. It seemed to be a building which had been razed to the ground, of which only the basement stood intact, and which was brilliantly illuminated with electric light. Through openings in what should have been the ceiling we saw that it was packed with engines and machinery, which pulsated and throbbed with unceasing energy. It was a very uncanny spot.

Where the building had formerly stood, and over the basement, was a wilderness of packing-cases, scaffold-poles and lumber, into the midst of which Donald squirmed his way like a ferret. I attempted to follow him, but it was pitch dark, and the rattle of the engines below was disconcerting, so when a cat or something sprang past a cold sweat came over me, and —I own up to it—I retreated into more open country.

But Donald fearlessly hunted round. He burrowed into hollows of stacks or bricks, climbed on to scaffolds, crawled under tarpaulins, and looked into such unlikely places, that I asked him if the boys slept in such places as those into which he looked.

"Yuss, sir," said Donald; "they gets into these places out o' the way o' the police and watchmen."

However, we did not discover any lads, although Donald felt assured that such places as he had seen would sure to be occupied by boys, and suggested that we were a bit early.

A Discovery.

We strolled round the Market, and then returned to our warren; again Donald, ferret-like, disappeared amongst the packing-cases. A few minutes afterwards he called out to me.

"'Ere y' are, sir; two of 'em—two little uns asleep."

I wormed my way amongst the packing cases and barrels, and ultimately found my guide crouching by the side of a huge packing case.

I somewhat gingerly placed my hand into its dark depths. It rested on the face of a little lad. I passed my hand over his body, and came in contact with that of another.

I asked them to come out, but they thought I was a detective, and refused to budge.

I then told them that I was a Salvation Army Officer, and would give them a supper and a bed. Thereupon they emerged from their recess.

I took them out under the white rays of the electric street light, which shone upon their thin pallid faces, with black luminous eyes. They were apparently aged ten and twelve respectively. The little one was arrayed in a full-grown man's pants, which enveloped him from the nape of his neck to the end of his heel. A broken pair of boots and a ragged shirt completed his outfit. The other lad had a jacket, trousers and vest, but painfully tattered and torn. The parents of the elder boy were in prison; the lesser boy had never known his father, and his mother was in the work-house.

Asked how they lived, they said they slept where they did because it was near the market, where they went in the early mornings and picked up the odds and ends of fat and trimmings which the butchers cut from the joints and threw upon the floor. These were taken to the third-rate eating house, in return for which the lads got some food given to them.

My heart ached as I gazed upon them, and then marched them off to the Boys' Shelter, where they devoured a substantial supper and slept in a warm bed.

This is how some of the other half live.—J. B.

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We have just received a few Sets of these—a splendid Outfit of Twenty Pieces—comprising 1 Large Drum, 4 Snare Drums, Triangles, 2 Eb Piccolos, 9 Bb Flutes, 3 F Flutes. This would make a good investment for many Corps, and it would give new life and interest in the Junior Work in many cases. We can supply a smaller outfit at less cost of course.

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To Our Readers.

WE ARE PREPARING THE

Easter

NUMBER OF THE

War Cry

And we want to make it the most interesting number ever published. We want your ideas and help, and we want them at once.

WE ARE GIVING AWAY MONEY.

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For two hundred words that best tell either of the following:—

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2.—What it was that Led to My Conversion.

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6.—The Most Exciting Moment of my Salvation Career.

7.—The Strangest Prayer Meeting I was ever in.

8.—The Funniest Testimony I ever heard.

9.—What a Salvation Song did.

10.—The most interesting Immigration Story I have ever been told.

11.—The Greatest Act of Human Consecration I have ever known.

12.—The most amusing Collection Incident I have heard.

We want the Easter Number to be the brightest, spiciest, most readable, most inspiring, and most God-glorifying paper ever published, and Canadians can do it.

This is a great country, the post takes a long time traveling, and Easter comes early this year, so, dear friend, immediately you read this announcement, you sit down and write out any or all of the incidents you know that are on the lines mentioned.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thos. B. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

5728. PENDLEBURY, HERBERT. Age 39, height 5ft. 6in., dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, fresh complexion. Last known address, Montreal. Friends anxious.

5729. FLANNERY, MRS. A. Age 25, height 5ft. 5in., light brown hair, sallow complexion. Last heard of two years ago. Olive Street, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

5730. MILWAY, JOHN. Electrician. Age 30, dark eyes, black hair, clean shaven, very low set. Heard of eight years ago. Was living in Warren, Ohio.

5731. PHEIR, GEORGE ARTHUR. Age 33, height 5ft. 10in., dark hair, blue eyes. Last heard of two years ago.

5732. MALLORY, ALBIN. About 60 years of age, height 5ft. 6in. Was living at Kendall, Durham County. Brother very anxious.

5784. MILLER, ROBERT. Age 35, height 5ft. 6in., dark hair, dark eyes, clear complexion. Gardener by trade. Left the Old Land for Canada in October, '06.

5737. MILLS, DAVID EBENEZER. Age 70, short, medium hair, brown eyes. Left England twenty-eight years ago. Last heard of at Youngston, Ohio. His family very anxious.

5747. CRIPPS, JOHN. Age 32, height 5ft. 11in., dark brown hair, dark grey eyes, weighs 165lbs. Heard of eight years ago at Spokane, Wash.

5745. WILSON, GEORGE. Age 16 dark hair, dark eyes. Was an apprentice to grocery business. Left home September 1st, 1906. Went away with a man by the name of Chas. Hale. Mother anxious.

5683. McCREERY, WILLIAM. Age 56, height 5ft. 11in., dark brown hair, blue eyes. Missing six years. Was at a hotel in Brandon.

5704. ROSE, EDWARD MITCHELL JAMES. Age 21, height 5ft. 5in., black hair, black eyes. Miner by trade. Last heard of twenty-nine years ago. Was then in Queensland, Australia.

5718. BOMBERG, ABRAM. Age 47, medium height, dark hair and eyes, rosy complexion. Was heard of nine years ago at Montreal. Wife enquires.

5719. J. GGER, THOMAS HENRY. He was last heard of in Toronto. May have removed to St. Ville.

War Cry Honor Roll.

Hamilton Division.

22 Boomers.

ADJT. BLOSS, Brantford	462
Capt. Pease, Galt	420
Capt. Andrews, Galt	410
Bandsman Golding, Brantford	255
Capt. Askin, Hespeler	177
Lieut. Troughton, Hespeler	177
Capt. Thompson, Guelph	100
Capt. Henderson, Guelph	100

C.-C. Hughton, Galt, 99; Captain Meeks, Capt. Dreisinger, Palmerston, 90; Mrs. Ensign Clark, Simcoe, 80; Lieut. Kelly, Niagara Falls, 80; Edith Iles, Owen Sound, 75; Adjt. Newman, St. Catharines, 75; Bro. Waldren, St. Catharines, 69; Mrs. Greenop, Niagara Falls, 60; Walter Davis, Brantford, 60; Ensign Clark, Simcoe, 55.

50 Copies.—Mrs. Golding, Sergt. Huntington, Sister Nock, Stratford.

East Ontario Province.

20 Boomers.

GEO. HIDES, Montreal I	300
Capt. Oldford, Sherbrooke	160
Lieut. Hedberg, Sherbrooke	160
Mrs. Capt. Battrick, Pembroke	130
Capt. Morris, Trenton	110
Lieut. Mercer, Smith's Falls	100
Mrs. Clapp, Picton	100
Mrs. Hutchinson, Picton	100

90 and Over.—Lieut. Simmons, Port Hope; Capt. Millar, Morrisburg.

80 and Over.—Lieut. Torrance, Cobourg; Capt. Smith Ottawa II.

60 and Over.—M. Willburn, Montreal I.; Capt. Liddell, Lieut. Nicholson, Napanee; Capt. Ash, Prescott; C.-C. DeFeu, Kemptville; Captain Thompson, Smith's Falls; Cand. Fox, Montreal II.; Capt. Nelson, Cobourg.

SALVATION SONGS.

Salvation.

Tunes.—We're Bound for the Land; Large Song Book, No. 83.

1 We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe on the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Each saint has a mansion, prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this small house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Tunes.—Belmont; Evan; Large Song Book, No. 76.

2 Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast;
Oh, come without delay!
For there is room on Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

Chorus.

Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home,
Welcome sinners home, welcome sinners home;
Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home,
Sinner, don't delay.

There's room in God's eternal love,
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above,
To heal and make thee whole.

There's room in heaven among the band,
And harps and crowns of gold;
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

Experience.

Tune.—Down Where the Living (N.B.B. 224); Large Song Book, No. 302.

3 O happy, happy day,
When old things passed away,
Down where the Saviour died for me!
I felt my sins forgiven,
And got a sight of heaven;
There, where the Saviour died for me.

Chorus.

There, where the Saviour died for me,
There, where the Saviour died for me,
I saw the cleansing flow,
It washes white as snow,
There, where the Saviour died for me.

I laid my burden down
And started for the crown;
There, where the Saviour died for me.
My chains are broke at last,
My sins behind Him cast,
There, where the Saviour died for me.

Though hell should me assail,
Through prayer I shall prevail;
There, where the Saviour died for me.
I need know no retreat,
Nor suffer defeat;
There, where the Saviour died for me.

Tunes.—Hallelujah to the Lamb (N.B.B. 34); Manchester (N.B.B. 47); Large Song Book, No. 326.

4 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven shall hear.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who died on Mount Calvary!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Amen!

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

Holiness.

Tunes.—Confidence (N.B.B. 4); Rockingham (N.B.B. 15); Large Song Book, No. 370.

5 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear,
The pledge of love for ever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength do thence derive
And for Thee fight, and in Thee live.

O conquering Jesus, Saviour Thou,
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To Thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine we will die; Thine we will live!

Tunes.—Realms of the Blest (N.B.B. 110); We Shall Win (N.B.B. 113); Large Song Book, No. 454.

6 I bring Thee, dear Jesus, my all,
Nor hold back from Thee any part;
Obedient to Thy welcome call,
I yield Thee the whole of my heart!

Perverse, stubborn once was my will,
My feet ran in self-chosen ways;
Thy pleasure henceforth to fulfil,
I'll spend all the rest of my days.

The doubts that have darkened my soul,
The shame and the fears that I bate,
Oh, banish, and bid me be whole,
A clean heart within me create!

A heart that beats loyal and true,
Unspotted and pure in Thy sight;
A love that would anything do,
A life given up to the fight.

Tune.—Nearer, My God, to Thee (N.B.B. 257).

7 O Jesus, keep Thou me close to Thy side,
That I in safety may always abide;
Save me from every sin, give me pure thoughts within,
Oh, make me Thine to win sinners to Thee.

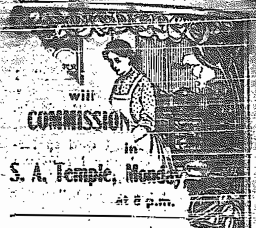
Give me a humble mind, perfect in love,
Steadfastly fixed on Thee, Saviour above,
Oh, let Thy grace impart Thy Spirit to my heart;
Cleanse me in every part, oh, God of love.

Give me a tender heart, that I may be
Grieved with the self-same grief that grieveth Thee;
I want to copy Thee, Thyself I want to see,
Reflected, Lord, on me, Saviour Divine.

FARM LANDS AND REAL ESTATE ADVICE BUREAUX.

Having received enquiries from Salvationists and others concerning Farm Lands (improved or otherwise) the Commissioner has decided to establish Agencies in connection with our Immigration Department, where we shall be glad to receive correspondence from those desiring to purchase or sell. We hope in this way to give reliable information to our soldiers and friends.

Communications should be sent to Brigadier Howell, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, or to any of the following Immigration Officers — Major Creighton, Rupert Street, Winnipeg, Man., or 439 Harris St., Vancouver, B.C.; Staff-Captain McGillivray, Clarence St., London, Ont.; Staff-Captain Creighton, Kingston, Ont.; Staff-Capt. Patterson, 16 Palace Hill, Quebec, P.Q., or 25 University St., Montreal, P.Q.; Adjt. Jennings, Box 477, Halifax, N.S., or 253 Prince William St., St. John, N.B.; Adjutant Wakefield, Brandon, Man.



Commissioner & Mrs. Coombs

will visit

ORILLIA, Thurs., Feb. 14.—"From Bethlehem to Calvary" in the Opera House, at 8 p.m.

WOODSTOCK, Ont., Sat., Feb. 16.—"From Bethlehem to Calvary," in the Opera House, 8 p.m.

LONDON, Ont., Sun., Feb. 17.—11 a.m. Holiness, in the Citadel, 3 p.m. Great meeting in the Opera House. 7 p.m. "From Bethlehem to Calvary," in the Opera House.

BRANTFORD, Ont., Thurs., Feb. 21.—"From Bethlehem to Calvary," in the Armories, 8 p.m.

THE COMMISSIONER

Will conduct Three Great Meetings in the

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Halifax, Sunday, February 3.

11 a.m., Holiness.

3 p.m., The S. A., its Immigration and Colonization Work.

At 7 p.m. Moving Pictures, "From Bethlehem to Calvary."

St. John, Monday, February 4.

OPERA HOUSE,

8 p.m., "From Bethlehem to Calvary."

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Adjutant Morris will accompany the Commissioner.

BRIGADIER COLLIER

Will visit Barrie for Sat. and Sun., February 2, 3.

MRS. JOHNSTON,

Auxiliary Secretary, will visit Orillia on Feb. 2, 3, 4.

ENSIGN SHEARD WITH BIOSCOPE

Will conduct Special Meetings at Prince Albert, January 29; Saskatoon, Jan. 30; Edmonton, Feb. 1, 2, 3; Wetaskiwin, Feb. 4; Calgary, Feb. 5, 6; Lethbridge, Feb. 8; Medicine Hat, Feb. 9, 10, 11; Moose Jaw, Feb. 12, 13; Regina, Feb. 14, 15; Brandon, Feb. 16, 17, 18; Carberry, Feb. 19; Winnipeg II., Feb. 20; Selkirk, Feb. 21.

TERRITORIAL FINANCIAL SPECIALS.

Northwest Province.—Capt. Davey.—Revelstoke, Jan. 22, 23; New Westminster, Jan. 25-27; Nanaimo, Jan. 28, 29; Ladysmith, Jan. 30; Victoria, Jan. 31 to Feb. 3; Vancouver, Feb. 4-6; Vernon, Feb. 8-10; Penticton, Feb. [illegible]; Saskatoon, Feb. 16-18; Prince Albert, Feb. 20, 21; Regina, Feb. 22-24; Wolseley, Feb. 25; Sunnerbury, Feb. [illegible]; Virden, Feb. 27; Moosomin, Feb. [illegible]; Brandon, Mar. 1-3; Neepawa, Mar. [illegible]

WANTED!—STENOGRAPHERS.

There are a few vacancies at Headquarters, Toronto, for young people who are qualified Shorthand and Typists; also for improvers who have not become thoroughly competent. Young people of either sex, children of officers or soldiers, are eligible to apply. Write to the Chief Secretary, 20 Albert St., Toronto.